McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

VOL. XLIII. — SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1906. — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year — NO. 15

ANOTHER ITALIAN MURDERED

Franco Madeffaro of Kane Was Killed in Bradford Tuesday.

A COMPANION BADLY WOUNDED

Conflicting Stories are Told by Participants in the Tragedy—Four Persons Under Arrest.

Another Italian murder, the third within four months in McKean county, occurred at Bradford and as a result Franco Madeffaro, aged 25 years, of Kane, is a corpse, and Angelo Travato, Joseph Trepeppe, his 17-year-old son, Dominic, and his 12-year-old son, Joseph, are prisoners—the latter three charged with the killing. The prisoners will be brought to the county jail here to-day. Should the seven Italians, charged with murder, demand separate trials the two weeks' term of June court, now provided for, may have to be further extended.

Travato was a companion of the dead man and was severely wounded in the elbow during the fracas.

PRISONERS TELL THEIR STORIES.

Trepeppe's story as it may be interpreted from the mass of words and motions is as follows, according to the Era: Madeffaro and Travato came to his home on Robert street, Tuesday afternoon and demanded more money, assumed a threatening attitude and Madeffaro, while standing outside of the house, pulled a stiletto and insisted on getting the cash.

Trepeppe stated that the men practically undertook to hold him up for $20. One of them had a knife and the other a gun. While they were arguing about the matter, Trepeppe's two sons, Dominic, a young man, and Joseph, the boy already referred to, appeared upon the scene. They had come around on the outside from a rear door. Both had revolvers and seeing their father in jeopardy they were prompt to participate in the affair. The shooting at once began. Trepeppe practically admitted that his son Dominic fired the shot which resulted so disastrously for the man from Kane. Madeffaro, after being shot, struggled for a few minutes and then all was over so far as he was concerned.

Trepeppe is a stalwart, middle-aged Italian and is a person of considerable education in his own language. He is a sort of medicine man among the Italians and understands some things about pharmacy. He gave the names of several witnesses of the shooting. He said that he and his sons boarded at the house of Maria Bellantonio at No. 26 Roberts street.

Dominic Trepeppe at once disappeared. It is said that he rushed up into the woods on the side of Mt. Raub. Later in the night, a man answering his description was seen near Howard Junction.

He gave himself up to the Bradford police yesterday morning and said that after the shooting he made his way over the hills to Kinzua Junction where he was allowed to rest at the home of J. L. Thomas. During the fracas he had been shot in the arm and his wound is similar to Travato's. Dominic practically admits that he shot Madeffaro in self defense.

There is much conjecture as to why he should have skipped out if he was only defending his father from a robber's attack.

An Era reporter visited the city prison Tuesday and saw the three prisoners. Upstairs in the woman's part of the lockup Angelo Travato, a good looking intelligent Italian of about 24 years, was in much pain when the reporter saw him. A bullet wound in his left elbow caused his suffering. He was in no mood for talking. However, he gave names and other facts as he deemed they should be stated. He said that he and the man who was murdered had come from Kane on Monday. They had been engaged in pipe line work in the vicinity of Kane, he said. According to his story the trip to Bradford was taken as a sort of recreation. "We came over here to have some fun," said he.

"Last night Madeffaro and I stopped in a hotel here. We were around during the day and had a good time. This afternoon we went to Trepeppe's house. We got some beer there. I don't speak good English and can't tell you all, but Madeffaro was shot in the breast and soon died. I went to the railroad depot and was arrested. I don't know why they shot me or my friend. I have been in the country about four years."

The police were promptly notified and hurrying to the scene secured the man and his son and took them into custody. They found Travato near the B., R. & P. depot, to which place he had run, as if afraid that he, too, would be killed. There was much excitement in the vicinity.

AN AUTOPSY.

Tuesday night an autopsy was performed upon the body of the murdered Italian by Drs. Robison and Hall. The body was found to be that of a sturdy young man who would weigh, perhaps, 170 pounds. The wound which ended his career was in the breast. The bullet struck him in the heart.

THE INQUEST.

The inquest was held in the City Building, Bradford, yesterday, Coroner Hall having impanelled a jury. The evidence given corroborated the main facts already made public. The verdict of the jury was to the effect that Frank Madeffaro had come to his death from a revolver shot fired by some one of the three men in custody. District Attorney Mayo had the three men arraigned this morning on the charge of murder.

WIDOW ARRIVED IN BRADFORD.

The widow of the dead man, who arrived yesterday from Kane, does not know that Madeffaro is dead. She is in a delicate condition and it is feared the shock would be too severe for her to endure. She was told that her husband was injured and was at the hospital. She has been a wife about six months.

Death of Michael J. Gaynor.

Michael J. Gaynor died at St. Francis hospital, Pittsburg, on Tuesday of last week, the cause of his death being dropsy. He was aged 28 years.

The subject of this sketch was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Gaynor of Clermont, where he spent the days of his childhood. A few years ago he moved to Pittsburg where he was employed on the railroad. He is survived by his aged father and mother, four sisters and three brothers, namely: Patrick of Sabuinaca, Mrs. Margaret Stein of Olean, Mrs. Cush and Miss Mary of Pittsburg and Joseph and Henry and Miss Mary, who reside at home.

Michael Gaynor was a young man of many good qualities and he has many sincere friends who will unite with his relatives in mourning the death of a loving and devoted son and brother.

His remains were brought to Clermont where the funeral services were held in the Catholic church, Rev. Father Doyle officiating, on Thursday, and his remains brought to Smethport and laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

Edward J. Cassidy Dead.

Edward J. Cassidy, aged 62 years, died at his home in Ormsby about 6 o'clock Tuesday evening. For a long time he had been a sufferer from cancer. Deceased was a native of Ontario, Canada, where he was born in 1844. For 12 years past he had been employed as a foreman by the United Natural Gas Co. and was a valued employe. He was a member of the C. M. B. A. and highly esteemed by many friends. Deceased is survived by his widow, one daughter, Katherine, one son, Frank, who live at home, and a brother living in Ohio. Mr. Cassidy and family are well known in Smethport and the news of his death was a sad blow to many friends.

The funeral services will be held from the Swedish Lutheran church to-morrow afternoon at 1 o'clock, Rev. Father Dugan officiating, and interment will be in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

Found Remains of a Man.

Parts of the skeleton of a man were found a few days ago at Quaker Run, a station between Salamanca and Kinzua, by O. R. Fowler, superintendent of the school at Quaker Run, and others, who were walking through the woods. One of the party, a boy named Willet Seneca, kicked away some dead leaves and there lay revealed a number of human bones. An investigation disclosed the larger bones of a man's body. Some of the clothing worn by the man, remained, but it had become rotton. A gold watch, a revolver with three loaded shells and $1 56 in money were found nearby. It is believed that several years ago the man entered the woods and committed suicide. There is no suspicion of the identity of the man.—Bradford Star.

Talked Too Much.

A Williamsport dispatch of Monday says: Fred M. Lemon, who says his home is at Binghamton, was taken through here to Wellsboro by Constable D. P. Longhead of Clearfield county. Longhead said Lemon was suspected of being the murderer of Mrs. Payne, at Jackson Summit, Tioga county, three years ago.

Lemon was arrested at Sunbury, because during a conversation he said: "Constables are not so smart. Why I killed a woman in Tioga county three years ago, and hid her body in a hay mow, and nobody has caught me yet."

Lemon now says he only said this to tantalize Longhead, with whom he was drinking, but the first thing he knew the officer clapped the handcuffs on him and he was still wearing them to-day.

Spring Millinery.

The most beautiful and artistic creations in spring millinery are ready for your inspection at my store. Place your order now. Style and skill combined satisfy the most exacting customer. MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Wanted.

A cook at the County Home first of month. Inquire of Superintendent at County Home.

Inquiries Answered.

In response to several inquiries, I wish to make it plain that if nominated and elected to the state legislature from McKean county, I will support the legislature giving a flat two-cent passenger rate per mile on all railroads in the state and in my opinion this will be to the benefit of the railroads as well as to the public; also a law enabling electric roads to carry freight and giving them the right of eminent domain subject to the same restrictions as steam railroads.

I will likewise use every effort to secure the passage of a law requiring railroads, operating in close proximity, to maintain an interchange switch and to switch cars at a reasonable uniform switch rate.

I will endeavor always to treat the railroads fairly, of course, as they are necessary to the growth of the country, but feel that the time has come when the public needs require the foregoing legislation.

R. P. HABGOOD.

Bradford, Pa., April 9, 1906

Robert Patton Habgood
Of Bradford, candidate for the legislature from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

Mr. Habgood was born in 1871 at Bellefonte, Center Co., Pa., and spent his boyhood in Lycoming Clinton Co., Pa., where he graduated from the high school in 1887.

The following year he came to McKean county with his parents and located at Bradford where he entered the employ of the B., R. and P. railway as car repairer's helper at the shops and clerk of the store house. Two years later he was transferred to a clerkship in the office of General Car Agent T. F. Brennan which was in Bradford then and subsequently he was promoted to the position of general time keeper of the B., R. and P. railway, in the office of General Superintendent G. W. Bartlett, in the Bovaird and Seyfang building.

Mr. Habgood filled various positions in railroad service for eleven years, the last one being that of agent at Hazelhurst, McKean county, where in March, 1899, he opened the first railroad office there in the early days of that prosperous town.

The same year he accepted a position as employe in the office of the Bradford Evening Star and in May, 1900, was appointed editor and business manager of that paper. In March, 1903, he secured a controlling interest in the Star Publishing Co., rehabilitated the plant after the fire, since which time he has been president and general manager of the company and editor of the paper. He is secretary and treasurer of the Pennsylvania State Editorial association, director of the International Advertising association, member of the executive committee of the National Republican Editorial association, also of the Pennsylvania State League of Republican clubs and secretary and manager of the Bradford Board of Trade.

If Mr. Habgood is elected to the legislature, he will represent McKean county in the same earnest, enthusiastic, sincere and persevering manner that has always characterized his efforts and will serve his constituents without fear or partiality, having as his ideal always the square deal policy adopted by the greatest Republican, President Theodore Roosevelt.

Good-Friday Services at St. Luke's.

At St. Luke's church on Good-Friday, April 13th, the services will be at 9 a. m.; 12 m. to 3 p. m.; 4 p. m., children's service; and at 7:30 p. m. The service of the "Preaching of the Cross," from 12 m. to 3 p. m., will consist of a selection of the old hymns and tunes associated with Good-Friday, prayers, silent devotions and addresses on the Seven Words from the Cross. This service is always largely attended, and all are invited to come in for at least a part of it. The children's service, with the "Story of the Cross," will be at 4 p. m. The service with hymns, etc., will be printed for the use of the congregation at the service beginning at 12 m.

For Sale.

A good team of work horses, wagons, sleds, harnesses and all that goes with a first class teaming outfit. Will sell in part or all together. Inquire of

JOHN EBERSPACHER,
Smethport, Pa.

Now is the time to get a blanket for your horse. Lemmler has a large assortment.

New Lodge Organized.

A new lodge to be known as Ideal Rebekah, No. 68, I. O. O. F., was instituted in this place last Thursday. The ceremonies incidental to organizing was held in Odd Fellows hall in the afternoon, District Deputy President Minnie C. Maxwell of Derrick City, assisted by the following members of the Grand Lodge, performing the ceremony: Deputy Grand Master, P. G., W. G. Maxwell of Derrick City; G. W., P. N. G., L. A. Myers, of Kane; G. M., P. N. G., D. Elva Cooper of Bradford; Grand Secretary, P. G., L. J. Wise of Bradford; G. I. G., P. N. G., Anna Hopkins of Kane. The new organization starts off with 54 charter members.

In the evening the working of the degree, initiating members and installing officers was held, which was witnessed by about 75 visiting Rebekahs from Bradford and Kane. The degree team of Queen Esther Lodge, Bradford, was present and worked the degree in a most complete and beautiful manner. At the conclusion of these ceremonies the evening was passed in a social way and a fine banquet was served in the large and commodious dining hall, to which more than 100 persons did ample justice. At a late hour the Bradford visitors returned to their home on a special train, loud in their praises for the entertainment afforded them.

The officers of the new lodge are as follows: Noble Grand, Frankie Stirks; Vice Grand, Georgia Freeman; recording secretary, Mary Denning; financial secretary, Minnie Strong; treasurer, Emma Hagberg; R. S. N. G., Elizabeth Cunningham; L. S. N. G., Jennie Eberspacher; warden, Lizzie Holder; conductor, Clementine Schroth; R. A. S., Alice Summerscill; L. A. S., Ella M. Cleveland; chaplain, Flora Freeman; O. G., W. G. Holder; I. G., Geo. Schroth; R. S. V. G., Daisy Michaels; L. S. V. G., Edith Karleu; trustees, Etta Hogarth, Lizzie Holder and Jennie Eberspacher.

Easter Day at St. Luke's.

On Easter Day at St. Luke's the services will be at 8, 10 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The order of music at 10:30 a. m. will be as follows: Hymn 123; introit psalm, 98; mass, Tour's in F; sequence, hymn 112; offertorium, anthem "Now upon the First Day of the Week," Monk; hymn, 119. Music at 7:30 will be as follows: Processional hymn, 123; magnificat and nunc dimittis, Reads; hymn before sermon, 112; carols; retrocessional hymn 119.

The Sunday-school Easter service and offerings of mite boxes will be at 12 m. Services at All Saints', East Smethport, at 2:30 p. m. The bus will leave the school house at East Smethport at 7:30 a. m. to bring communicants to the 8 a. m. service, and will return at 8:45 a. m. Liberal offerings are asked on Easter Day for general missions.

A Birthday Anniversary.

A most delightful evening was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bosworth of Brooklyn, April 7th, it being the 68th birthday anniversary of their mother, Mrs. J. C. Hamlin. Children and grandchildren were convened to extend loving congratulations and to partake of an elaborate dinner prepared for the occasion, toward the close of which a huge, snow white birthday cake was presented to "mother" on the top of which numerous small wax candles were arranged so as to outline the figures "68." Each guest blew out a candle and offered a short toast appropriate to the occasion—even the youngest grandchild, Jeannette. After the response by Mrs. Hamlin came the cutting of the cake and the serving to each guest of a piece by Charlotte—her granddaughter and name-sake.

A Valuable Valise.

Wm. R. Miles of Oil City, a Lake Shore conductor, who runs on a passenger train between Ashtabula and Oil City, found a valise in one of the coaches on his train containing $9,000 in currency. The bills were wrapped up in packets of $100 each. There was no name on the valise and no clue to its ownership. Later Conductor Miles received a message to the effect that a valise containing that sum of money had been lost by William J. Inman of Leon, O., who had gone to Ashtabula and drawn the money from the bank and had then boarded the train for home, intending to pay a large force of men employed by him. He had left the train at Leon and forgotten the valise. The money was restored at once by Mr. Miles.—Bradford Star.

Here, Here, Eyes Tested Free.

J. M. Barnett, the Optician and Osteopath, will be in Smethport at Commercial House from Wed., Apr. 11 to Sun., Apr. 16. Office hours from 7 to 9 a. m., 12 to 2 p. m. and 6 to 9 p. m. Eye refractions corrected. Headache relieved.

J. M. BARNETT, D. O.

For Sale.

"Spring Hill Farm Jerseys" bull calves for sale from 6 to 18 months old. For pedigree and price inquire of E. G. Dusenbury, Portville, N. Y.

Does the little one need new shoes? Try a "Maloney." Lindholm's.

The correct shirt collar and tie will be found at Lindholm's.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

The tolling of the bell on Monday, the second day of January, 1882, as anxious listeners counted the dismal peals, proclaimed the fact that one ripe in years had passed away. Such was indeed the case. The bell announced the death of Mrs. Lois Niles Taylor, relict of the late Deacon James Taylor, which occurred in this place at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Louise T. Medbery, and her age was ninety-five years.

Mrs. Taylor was a native of Colchester, Conn., where she was born in August, 1787. She was married in 1811 and moved to this place in June, 1824, since which time she has resided here. Being a settler of so early a date she was subjected to the many trials and hardships incidental to pioneer life, but with her husband passed through them triumphantly. She was the mother of eight children, two of whom survive her, one of whom is Mrs. Medbery of this borough, and one the wife of Rev. Dr. Eaton of Franklin, Pa. Being spared so long beyond the allotted "three-score years-and-ten" she was allowed to look upon and affectionately caress the little ones of even the fourth generation, and her motherly heart always rejoiced in so doing. She consecrated herself to the service of the Lord many years ago, being baptized as a member of the Baptist church, of which she was an active and persistent member. Thus her lengthened years were conducive to the benefit of all upon whom her Christian influence which did not cease until her spirit fled, as she retained her consciousness until the end, and those around her were allowed to see a spirit fall to sleep in the hope of a blessed immortality. Her large circle of friends and relatives, although their grief is great, have in it consoling knowledge of her ripe age and happy end.

The youngest daughter of Mr. John Mullin died Wednesday, Jan. 11, 1882, of diphtheria.

In our issue of last week we omitted to notice the marriage of Mr. J. R. Chadwick, Esq., to Mrs. Pauline Carter. The contracting parties are both well known in this place, and have received the hearty congratulations of their many friends, to which is added those of the MINER. (Jan. 1882.)

Barrett.—At the residence of his son, Isaac, in Jackson, Minn., on Saturday, January 7th, 1882, Mr. Thornton Barrett, formerly of Keating, Pa., in the 76th year of his age.

On Wednesday noon last (Jan. 18, 1882) at the residence of Mrs. L. A. Gallup, Mr. Charles Lemmler, of the firm of Glenson & Lemmler of this place, was united in the bonds of matrimony to Miss Dolly Gallup, also of Smethport, Rev. Hubbell officiating. The newly married couple have many friends in town and have their hearty congratulations on the event and their best wishes for the future.

At about 5 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon (Jan. 24, 1882) the sad intelligence of the death of Mr. Demont Haskill, junior member of the firm of Wm. Haskill & Son of this place, cast a gloom over the residents of the borough. The deceased was the only son of William and Katherine Haskill, and was 23 years, 2 months and 2 days old, having been born in Port Allegany on the 23rd of November, 1858.

His sudden demise was caused by an attack of diphtheria, which first made appearance on the 18th inst., and baffling the skill of the physician, aided by the careful nursing of an affectionate family, made him its victim after an illness of only six days.

Previous to his illness, he was the picture of health and strength, and his genial qualties made him a pleasant companion to the many who learned of his death with surprise and grief, intensified by the thought of his youthful and healthy appearance.

The deceased was married in June, 1879, and leaves a widow and one child to mourn his loss with his afflicted parents and relatives, who have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement. The funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon, when a number of sorrowing relatives and acquaintances followed his remains to their final resting place in Rose Hill cemetery, Rev. Mr. Hubbell conducting the funeral services.

On Monday afternoon (Jan. 30, 1882) a serious accident occurred near town by which Mr. S. G. Curtis, a gentleman 72 years of age, living in Keating township, was seriously injured while on his way home. It appears that Mr. S. J. Rockwell's team, hitched to a wagon in front of L. W. Mason's store, became frightened and ran away down Main street. When they got as far as the dug way Mr. Curtis, thinking a team was following him and being driven faster than he cared to drive, turned out to let them pass, but the runaways collided with his buggy, throwing him out and breaking a rib on his left side about three inches from the backbone, and cutting an ugly gash in the back part of his head. Mr. Curtis was conveyed to his home soon after the accident, and put under the care of Dr. Carroll. He is now in a precarious condition, but hopes are entertained for his recovery.

Of Interest to Supervisors.

The following letter received by A. R. Cory from State Highway Commissioner Joseph W. Hunter may interest many readers:

DEAR SIR:—

Replying to your inquiry would say that Section 2 of Act of April, 1905, known as Supervisors or townships of second class law, provides for the organization of the Board of Supervisors and after such organization the act says they shall proceed immediately to levy a road tax, which shall not exceed ten (10) mills on each dollar of valuation; this valuation shall be the last adjusted valuation for county purposes, etc. The Act does not say that duplicate must be made out at once, but the levy must be made and the duplicate should be made out as quickly after the spring assessment is made as possible; this will take out the names of those who have removed from the township and add the names of those who have moved into the township about April 1st.

(Taxable means, capable of being taxed; liable by law to the assessment of taxes; as, taxable estate, taxable commodities.)

This means that a woman owning property must be assessed the dollar provided for in the Act and every estate assessed as an estate must be charged the dollar. The dollar is assessed against the property and must be paid by the non-resident as well as the resident owner.

It is not a poll tax.

A single woman who is not a real estate or personal property owner cannot be assessed the dollar; she is not a taxable.

The tax of one dollar is to be paid in cash and not worked out.

The Treasurer appointed by the Board of Supervisors is entitled to a compensation on the amount of money received and distributed by him. This does not mean, however, if he received $2,000 that he is to be paid a percentage of 2% for instance on the $2,000 when he receives it and 2% on the same amount when he pays it out. He is entitled to the percentage once only. He can receive no percentage on the work tax. He neither receives nor distributes it. He is not responsible for the work tax. The amount of his bond must be determined by the Board of Supervisors. It would be a good custom to appoint some one Treasurer who is not an elector in the township.

The Secretary of the Board can and should receive compensation for his services as Secretary, and the amount to be fixed by the Board of Supervisors.

A member of the Board of Supervisors must not furnish supplies of any kind to the Board or articles that are to be used by the township in the improvement of its roads.

Any member of the Board of Supervisors can work out his taxes, where the work tax system is still in force.

The discount to be allowed on the payment of taxes by June 1st is only to be allowed on the cash tax and not on the work tax.

The Supervisors receive no compensation and do not give bond.

The Board of Supervisors must direct the affairs of the Township. Divide the township into one or more districts and appoint a roadmaster for each district and fix their per hour wages. Also the wages to be paid to laborers and the amount for team hire, etc.

It is the duty of the Supervisors to sell the roads when that system is in use.

The taxpayers will have to go to the treasurer of the Board of Supervisors to pay the tax levied for road purposes.

The fifteen per cent. to be paid to Townships that have abolished the work tax will not be paid until after the first Township statement is filed with the State Highway Department on or before March 15th, 1907.

In Townships that have not abolished the work tax it is the duty of the Board of Supervisors to give notice to all persons rated for work tax by advertisement or otherwise to attend at such times and places as such Supervisors may direct. The Supervisors may have such notices printed and direct the roadmaster to serve them.

The Treasurer must give a written notice to all taxable persons of the amount of tax that has been assessed against them, within ten days after receiving the duplicate. This can be done by mailing a bill to each taxable.

The levying of taxes in a township where the work tax has been abolished would be done in the manner heretofore in vogue.

Neither the Treasurer nor a township auditor can serve as a roadmaster.

"Necessary expenses" would properly include travelling expenses, cost of meals, horse feed, and such other like items, but would exclude any compensation of any kind for the time spent by the Supervisors in the discharge of their duties.

If the interests of the township can be best taken care of by employing some one outside of the township as roadmaster the Supervisors have the right to employ such assistance.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Man With a Record

By HOWARD FIELDING

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WILLIAM CONROY possessed an admirable tact within the limits of his experience, but he was a stranger in the upper walk of life. Suddenly thrust into high society, it was natural that he should err.

The delicate, almost instinctive, avoidance of such blunders as Du Maurier cartooned under the caption "Things which one would rather not have said," was hardly to be expected of Mr. Conroy. He had not been bred to it.

For reasons which will presently be made clear Mr. Conroy called at the residence of Gilbert Hollender in the early afternoon of a June day. The Hollender mansion is one of the sights of the city, and yet its ornate exterior gives scarcely a hint of the luxury within. The reception room oppressed Mr. Conroy with a sense of the gross inequalities of life, a subject upon which he had often reflected seriously, for he was a thoughtful and grave man and one whose professional training guarded him against mere outward show and vain pretense.

He had barely begun to familiarize himself with his surroundings and had not yet dared to sit down when a very beautiful young lady entered the room.

"You are Mr. Conroy?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

She looked at him with a lively interest, as if he were a thing quite new in her experience.

"You are the detective," said she. "You are going to Sunnyside with us."

"Such is my instructions," answered Conroy.

The careful precision of his utterance gave his grammatical error the effect of a deliberate jest, and Miss Hollender could not conceal her amusement. Instantly she took a great fancy to this man, quite as she might have liked a big dog for some unexpected and perilous caper.

"My father has just telephoned that he has been detained downtown," said she, "but we are not to wait for him. So if you are ready"—

Conroy bowed low, with a solemn sweep of the right hand, deliciously awkward, and Miss Hollender was positively delighted.

There entered at this moment a woman of middle age, comfortably plump and the picture of gentle self satisfaction. Accompanying her was a lean, eager, pallid boy of twelve. These were Miss Hollender's aunt and brother. Obviously the boy had known who was in the reception room, and had been impatient to see him, and it was equally clear that Conroy fell far below Master Hollender's ideal of a detective.

They rode to the railroad station in one of the Hollender automobiles, and upon the way a fortunate chance helped Conroy to gain the boy's favor, for they passed a slender, stooping old man with a long white beard, and the detective pointed him out as one of

"YOU ARE MR. CONROY?"

the most celebrated forgers of modern times, who had spent more than thirty years of his life in prison.

"If he was a reformed man," said Conroy, "I wouldn't make a show of him, but he ain't, and, moreover, he's vainer than an actor. If you should meet him he'd talk you deaf, and always about himself."

"I'd risk an ear or two just the same," said Willie Hollender, looking back at the celebrated criminal. "He must have a lot of rippling good stories."

And thereafter the boy viewed Conroy with more esteem, as one who knew important people.

On the platform beside the train the two ladies encountered a man of thirty-five or thereabout, English in dress and manner, accompanied by a valet carrying a suit case and a bag with golf clubs. It appeared presently that the Englishman was to be of the party, that he had been invited to Sunnyside for the week end and that he was upon very good terms with Miss Hollender, for she called him Tom and greeted him with warmth. His patronymic was Clifford.

When they entered Mr. Hollender's private car, which was attached to the train, they found several other people who were bound for Sunnyside, and in the distribution of the party, after the usual compliments had been exchanged, it is probable that Mr. Clifford would have maneuvered Miss Hollender into a corner for a tete-a-tete, but the young lady was not to be cheated of her pleasure in Conroy as a new type of the species, nor could Willie Hollender be parted from the detective, and thus a group of four was formed.

"We have had a series of petty but very annoying thefts at Sunnyside," said Miss Hollender to Mr. Clifford. "There must be a thief among the servants, but he is too shrewd for amateur methods of detection, so we have begged Mr. Conroy to detach himself from more important affairs and help us in our perplexity."

"And what does Mr. Conroy think of the case?" asked Clifford.

"From what your father told me," said he, "I guess there's no doubt that you've got a crook on your payroll up there. It must be one of the servants, because things have been stolen when there wasn't a guest in the house—nobody but your father and young Mr. Hollender."

"Willie," said Miss Hollender sternly, "the search light of suspicion is veering in your direction."

Willie opened his eyes wide with sudden interest, and he seemed to experience a mentone the appointment when Conroy said:

"As there's been only one touch made while Willie was there and something like a dozen when he wasn't, I guess we'll have to let him out of it. No, miss, we've got a sure thing on the servants so far as I can see."

"You seem confident of success," remarked Clifford.

"Oh, yes, indeed," responded the detective. "The chances are that I'll spot an old friend before I've been there two hours."

"An old friend?" said Willie.

"Somebody with a record, I mean," responded Conroy. "Somebody with a mug in the gallery."

"A mug in the gallery?" echoed Clifford.

"I beg the young lady's pardon," said the detective, conscious of his rough phrase. "I mean a portrait at headquarters. If I don't recognize an acquaintance right away I'll have to look 'em up. And when I've found a record I've found my thief."

"That is always the theory of the police," said Miss Hollender. "Really, Mr. Conroy, I expected to find you more original."

"There's nothing original about facts," rejoined the detective gravely. "They're all old and hard, as old and hard as sin. Sin is in the heart, and it comes out in conduct like sweat through your skin. It comes out early. I've been in this business a good many years, and while I've seen first offenders, so called, I've never seen a thief that hadn't been dishonest as far back as you could look him up. You'll find a lot of things that have been covered over. This world isn't so hard as you maybe think it is. Criminals are excused. They're let off over and over again when they're young, but the evil is in 'em, and by and by they come to their natural windup, and that's an end."

"Perhaps this may be true as to thieves," broke Clifford, "I mean the petty, habitual sneaks—I believe that's your word for them in America, isn't it?—but"—

"It's just as true of all wrongdoers," said Conroy sententiously. "Why, what's all this we hear about these divorces and the breaking up of homes? Do you ever find one single case where the guilty party didn't have a record? Take cruelty and neglect and meanness and all kinds of disrespect and dishonesty to women. I tell you that it's in the man, from his youth up, or he wouldn't do it. Every one of those divorced and redivorced men is a bad egg and always has been, and you may take my word for it. And as for the women, may the Lord pity and pardon 'em and lead 'em to a better life. Amen."

He spoke the closing words with a somber and prayerful earnestness, and a tense silence followed. Perceiving that he had made an impression, and being proud of it, he continued:

"If a lady was going to hire a butler and I should tell her that the man had been convicted twice of robbery she wouldn't hire him, but if he's been convicted twice of being a bad husband she'll marry him."

During these remarks Willie's pale countenance had been growing red very fast. At the last his hands went suddenly to his mouth, and he exploded behind them with one hysterical outburst of laughter. Then he rose hastily and went to the other end of the car.

Conroy, surprised, looked hastily into Miss Hollender's face. The young lady was beautifully serene, but, with the corner of an eye, the detective saw Clifford and perceived that his countenance was darkly clouded.

Immediately the Englishman straightened up in his chair and thrust his hands into the side pockets of his coat. Conroy had often seen a nervous man hide his hands. It is an impulse of protection, for the hands are betrayers of secrets. In this instance, however, there was a new phase of the familiar act, for Clifford became suddenly rigid, and the detective knew that his left hand spasmodically closed upon something in his pocket.

"Speaking of the robberies at Sunnyside," said Miss Hollender placidly, "I hope your theory will prove true. I would rather we had hired a thief than that we had developed one on the estate."

Conroy did not reply. He was saying to himself: "I've hit 'em both, but the man much the hardest. And, besides, the girl's got the blood. She's the thoroughbred."

Some unimportant things were said, and Conroy presently excused himself, awkwardly enough, and went to the observation window in the rear of the car, but, though he seemed absorbed in the scenery, he never quite lost sight of Mr. Clifford from that moment to the end of the journey. As they were nearing Sunnyside Willie stole up behind the detective.

"I say," he whispered, "you didn't do a thing to Tom Clifford! Give it to him again. He's no good. He's been divorced twice."

This coincidence gave Conroy a cold chill.

"Don't speak of it," he groaned. "Forget it, Willie; forget it."

But after the boy had taken himself away Conroy's natural instincts began to assert themselves, and especially that trained serviceable curiosity which is the chief essential of success in the detective's profession. Thus his mind came to center with ever increasing intensity upon the one unexplained detail of this affair. What was it that Clifford's hand had unexpectedly encountered in his coat pocket?

Under the spur of this question the detective's powers of observation followed diligently upon the trail, and the

"SO THIS IS YOUR ERRAND?"

pursuit was not long, for when the party had arrived at the little railroad station which is nearest to the estate of Sunnyside Clifford took advantage of a moment when he thought that no eye was upon him and, drawing a letter from the suspected pocket, he dropped it through a crack between two planks of the platform. Conroy was surprised that the man had not torn the letter, and yet, of course, the odds were enormous that it would lie unseen forever.

There was indeed another explanation which Conroy discovered, some hours later, when he had hired a youthful native of that region to crawl under the platform and secure the letter. It had already been torn and was all in small bits inside the envelope.

An hour's work in the room which had been assigned to him at Sunnyside sufficed for the task of putting the pieces together. Then Conroy pasted them neatly upon thin paper and revolved the letter as a whole. It had been mailed in London and ran as follows:

Dear Clifford—I write this in a hurry to catch a mail. Miss M. is dead—and who that has a heart will not be glad? You that have none will rejoice in your own way, for while she lived there was always danger that some enemy would retell the old story. Fifteen years of madness! Poor woman, poor woman! Of course I have never exaggerated your conduct. You were engaged toaher, she loved you, you saw a chance for a rich marriage, you jilted her, and the shock dethroned her reason. That's the worst of it and the whole of it. May God forgive you.

R.

It was now nearly 10 o'clock, but Conroy, armed with this weapon, which Providence had put into his hands, could delay to use it. The trivial affair which had brought him to that house was already upon the way to a conclusion, for he had recognized in one of the footmen an old and clever offender. But in any case he would have given all his thought to the more serious matter, for surely Mr. Hollender would rather lose a few pieces of plate than that his daughter should marry a rascal.

Conroy descended the stairs and found the lower part of the house deserted except for a few servants, for the guests were all upon the verandas. Passing through the dimly lighted drawing room he came suddenly face to face with the object of his search.

"Miss Hollender," he said, "I'm glad to find you alone. Here's something that you certainly ought to see. Perhaps I ought to show it to your father, but I guess this way will be the quickest and for that reason the best. It's a letter that I saw Mr. Clifford dispose of"—

A hand suddenly fell upon the detective's wrist and a voice vibrant with wrath spoke in his ear.

"So this is your errand here, is it? The robbery story is only a blind, eh? You're on my trail!"

Conroy wrenched himself free of Clifford's grip and preserved his hold upon the letter. At the same moment he heard Miss Hollender's voice, cold and smooth as ice:

"Of course I could not read a letter of Mr. Clifford's under any circumstances," she said, "but if I did so, whatever the contents might be, I could not know him better than I do at this present instant. His inference in regard to your business here, Mr. Conroy, will be all that I shall require. That I owe to you, and I thank you heartily."

Napoleon's Bad Handwriting.

M. Houssaye attributes the muddle over orders at Waterloo to Napoleon's execrable handwriting. This was the opinion of the writing master of Alexandre Dumas: "The emperor never lost a battle except by his bad writing. His officers could never make out what he meant. Remember this, Alexandre, and make your down strokes heavy and your up strokes light." Grouchy declares that during the battle of Waterloo he could not make out whether Napoleon wrote "bataille gagnee" or "bataille engagee," and he conjecturally read "battle gained."—Andrew Lang in London Post.

The Freaks of Fate.

Here is a unique memorial notice from a Georgia exchange:

"Once he was nearly swallowed by an earthquake and shortly afterward was blown nearly a quarter of a mile by a hurricane, but he triumphed over all those afflictions, only to be kicked out of life by a mule that had a mortgage on it and was blind in one eye."—Atlanta Constitution.

A TIP FOR TOURISTS.

The Way Transient Tenants Abroad Are Imposed Upon.

Before going abroad it is meet that the unsuspecting native should understand one of the ways he is expected to add to the income of thrifty France if he means to stay in that country. This is best illustrated by a veritable experience. A New Yorker engaged an apartment that had been previously occupied by a member of his own family. When the time came for giving it up, the china was all spread out on the table, and monsieur, madame and the concierge and candles went through the rooms looking for the damages that would have to be settled for before the stranger left.

They found the chairs were so injured that they would have to be reseated—so much. There was a crack in the mirror over the mantel; it new glass would be necessary—so much. Passing their hands under each of the pieces of china they discovered so many nicks and disfigurements that a new set of china must be bought—so much. "Very well," said the American, settling the bill at once.

"Now I have paid for the chairs, for the new glass and the china, haven't I?"

"Yes, Monsieur was very amiable."

"Then they're mine. I always did want to smash china. Here goes." Raising his cane he brought it down on the table, and the china flew into fragments.

"This is my mirror. I'll break that too." Whack went the mirror. The group was speechless, but they were not through with this madman plying his cane. One by one he stuck it through the seats of the chairs, wrecking them utterly.

"They are all paid for, you know," he said, with a gratified smile. For, you see, his relatives had told him that when they gave up the apartment they, too, had paid for reseating the chairs, replacing the glass and for the damaged china.

Doubtless the articles had been paid for many times. Many of the owners of these lodgings have secondhand stores, and from these the rooms are furnished. One set of broken down chairs give place to another, decrepit sofa succeeds decrepit sofa, and each is a constant source of income.

After a time the wary stranger learns to protect himself. The manner is tedious, but measurably effective. One family after a residence of nine years has reduced it to a science. When engaging an apartment one day is devoted to going through it with the owner and locating and registering all the blemishes.

Even the stains on the walls are numbered, with descriptive attachments.

The proprietors invariably protest against such unfaithfulness. "Ah, madame, between ladies, between persons of character!" But the mistress unrelentingly pursues her way. When she gives up the apartment and the pursuit for damages begins she has with her her register, and drawn horses could not make her pay for a stain if it is recorded in her book.

In England the matter is not such a personal one. When a house lodging or an apartment is given up each party is represented by an agent, paid at the rate of a guinea a day and expenses. These agents are left to themselves. One of the requirements is that everything must be touched to assure by personal contact its state. A wall cabinet filled with curios must be opened and a finger laid on each piece in order to keep within the law. These agents, who are usually fat and easy going, have an amicable, sociable time. They are full of apologies, each to the other.

"Now, dear sir, we are not going to draw the lines too tight."

"We, on our part, are quite sure that you are disposed to be quite fair."

Thus they glide swiftly through the piles of bed linen, over the stacks of china and make haste to go out and have a two hours' lunch together.—New York Globe.

The Waves of an Iron Bridge.

A train always exerts greater strain on an iron bridge when going quickly than when going slowly, but the difference in the strain depends on the structure of the bridge and is much more in some cases than in others. When the train goes over the bridge it causes a wave to travel along the structure, owing to the elasticity of the iron. That part of the bridge just in front of the train is raised a little and the part under the train is lowered, so that each part of the bridge is successively raised and lowered as the train goes over it, and the more quickly the train travels the more sudden this will be, and consequently the more violent. The strain produced will vary with the square of the velocity of the wave, so that the train will exert four times the strain when it doubles its velocity and nine times when it triples its velocity.

Origin of Bowing.

"The bow," said an antiquary, "originated in a cower. The weak savage, to save himself from being knocked down by the stronger one when they met, groveled upon the earth, and thus the bow arose.

"The lifting of the hat is of much later date than the bow. It is derived from the time when men wore armor. When two armor clad knights met in those days and fell into talk they took off their helmets as a sign of mutual confidence. They exposed their heads to show that they respected and trusted one another, to show that neither was afraid of being brained; hence the modern lifting of the hat, a salutation whose meaning is:

"'I hold you in such reverence that without fear I place my life in your hands.'"—New York Press.

Universal Experience.

The distinguished citizen had returned from a trip abroad.

"Did the old world give you the glad hand?" they asked him.

"Oh, yes," he said, "or, rather, it gave me the expectant hand. It wasn't the glad hand until I had put the tip into it."—Chicago Tribune.

THE MOTHER ANTELOPE.

Wonderful Manner In Which She Provides For Her Young.

The manner in which the mother antelope protects her young until they are old and strong enough to join the full grown bands in their wanderings is an interesting and wonderful instance of nature's providence. These beautiful creatures live in an open country infested by all kinds of enemies and especially prowled over by the coyote, the gray wolf and the timber wolf, which subsist upon the young of all kinds of animals, yet the mother can easily protect her babies from the fiercest of these marauders. The enemy most dreaded is the soaring eagle.

There is a variety of cactus, a prickly plant which grows in great abundance all over the western plains, which furnishes her the means for this protection. Horses, cattle, buffalo and, in fact, all animals know the danger of treading on this plant. It grows in large patches some four or six inches in height above the ground and forms a thick mat varying in breadth, from the size of the top of a man's hat to many feet. It is in the center of one of these patches that the female antelope prepares a place of safety for her young. The thorns of this cactus, while very poisonous and terribly painful to every other animal, for some reason are almost harmless to the antelope. The cactus may lacerate her legs, making them bleed freely, but neither the stickers nor their poison remains, while other animals seldom bleed, but retain the poisonous stickers in their wounds until they become malignant sores, causing excessive swelling of the limbs and very great and long continued suffering.

When the antelope has selected her patch of cactus, backing away a few feet, she will make a running jump, bounding high in the air and alighting in the middle of the patch with all four feet close together, the hoofs pointing downward. Then, springing out again and repeating this operation until she has chopped the roots of the cactus plant to pieces, she loosens and clears a space large enough for standing room. She then will enlarge it by pawing and digging with her sharp hoofs. Here she gives birth to her young in undisturbed security, knowing that she can leave them in comparative safety during the day and return to them at night to give them suck. Should it be in a locality where eagles abound, however, the mother does not venture far away, as the soaring eagle often swoops down on the young, taking them away if she is not there to do battle for their lives.—H. H. Cross in Century.

BREAD SUPERSTITIONS.

Peculiar Ones Still Prevail in Rural France.

There are some curious superstitions about baking bread in the course of religious seasons which seem so easy to prove fallacious that one has difficulty in understanding why they are still believed. One would think that some day a mistake would occur and the discovery be made that there was no force in them. Probably, owing to the constitution of the believers, the failure of the expected result would be ascribed to some supernatural cause rather than the real one, and the belief would be continued. Most of these superstitions are found in France, the greatest bread eating country on the globe.

For instance, in upper Brittany bread baked on Good Friday, it is declared, becomes black. In Charante it is held that he who eats of bread baked on All Souls' day will become diseased. The flames will burst out of the oven in one's face if bread is baked on the feast of St. Nicholas, say the good people at Aube, so it is not done. In Burgundy the people believe that if bread is baked in the course of Rogation week all bread baked during the remainder of the year will turn moldy. The inhabitants of the Black mountains believe the same thing. The Sicilians refuse to bake on Good Friday, because they fear that in some manner they will burn the Saviour.

The beliefs which other Europeans used to have in early times demonstrate how illogical is all this superstition. These used to think that bread baked on Good Friday would not grow moldy, and the hot cross bun was included in this belief. Some one has shrewdly suggested that the spice preserved them. A piece of bread baked on this holy day, perhaps because of its holy character, was supposed to have miraculous powers if preserved. The house containing it would not catch fire. It was useful for preventing whooping cough and if fed to cattle ill of certain diseases would cure them. The natural deduction from all this is that in one country bread baked on a certain day will work ill and that baked in another on the same day will work good, which means that bread baked on that day is about the same as bread baked on any other.—New York Tribune.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Every mother is a trained nurse, with the two unimportant exceptions of the uniform and the wages.

There isn't any greater waste of time than that spent in worrying because others are not doing their duty.

A man may think he is boss of his own home, but after his wife has been sick once or twice he finds it is the doctor.

There are a great many ways of becoming unpopular, but one of the surest is to rush in where angels fear to tread.

When a man comes home and asks if "mother is home" what he really wants to know is if she is in the kitchen cooking.

If there is whipped cream on any old thing on the table a girl is apt to think that the requirements for a "dainty" luncheon have all been met.—Atchison Globe.

Men are so constituted that everybody undertakes what he sees another successful in, whether he has aptitude for it or not.—Goethe.

DR. KENNEDY'S
FAVORITE REMEDY
Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business gentlemen never possess. It makes no drunkards—excuses no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

FALL AND WINTER
MILLINERY.

A display of French Pattern Hats designed by Colliar, Virot, Lichtenstein.

Also pretty designs from Red fern, Carolyn, Rebrandt, Linn Faulkner and others.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse.
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn.
First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
Directly Opposite Court House
SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,
F. A. GREEN, Propr.
MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF
Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.
Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
— AND —
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 5, 1903.

PATENTS
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Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at our Home Office, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.
C.A.SNOW & CO.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOE NG.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

They Stand Alone.

Standing out in bold relief, *all alone*, and as a conspicuous example of open, frank and honest dealing with the sick and afflicted, are Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, over-worked, debilitated, nervous, "run-down," pain-racked women, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the famous remedy for weak stomach, indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, or biliousness, all catarrhal affections whether of the stomach, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nasal passages, throat, bronchia, or other mucous passages, also as an effective remedy for all diseases arising from thin, watery or impure blood, as scrofulous and skin affections.

Each bottle of the above medicines bears upon its wrapper a badge of honesty in the full list of ingredients composing it—*printed in plain English*. This frank and open publicity places these medicines *in a class all by themselves*, and is the best guaranty of their merits. They cannot be classed as patent nor secret medicines for they are neither—*being of known composition*.

Dr. Pierce feels that he can afford to take the afflicted into his full confidence and lay all the ingredients of his medicines freely before them because these ingredients are such as are endorsed and most strongly praised by scores of the most eminent medical writers as cures for the diseases for which these medicines are recommended. Therefore, the afflicted do not have to rely alone upon Dr. Pierce's recommendation as to the curative value of his medicines for certain easily recognized diseases.

A glance at the printed formula on each bottle will show that no alcohol and no harmful or habit-forming drugs enter into Dr. Pierce's medicines, they being wholly compounded of glyceric extracts of the roots of native, American forest plants. These are best and safest for the cure of most lingering, chronic diseases. Dr. R. V. Pierce can be consulted free, by addressing him at Buffalo, N. Y., and all communications are regarded as sacredly confidential.

It is as easy to be well as ill—and much more comfortable. Constipation is the cause of many forms of illness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, two a mild cathartic. All dealers in medicines sell them.

THE BIG STORE.

Stands Like a Stone Wall

Turns Cattle, Horses, Hogs—Is Practically Indestructible

AMERICAN FENCE

Buy your new fence for years to come. Get the big, heavy wires, the hinge joint, the good galvanizing, the exactly proportioned quality of steel that is not too hard nor too soft.

We can show you this fence in our stock and explain its merits and superiority, not only in the roll but in the field. Come and see us and get our prices.

Also Barb and Smooth Fence Wire, Staples and Nails, Plows Harrows and Cultivators, Garden Tools, Garden Seeds, Paints, Oils and Varnish.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, April 12, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—D. C. Young has a new ad.

—Don't forget the supper and dance at the Lyceum next Monday night.

—The male readers will be interested in Rubin's new ad on another page.

—The O. M. C. club of Row City will give a dance Friday evening, April 20.

—The trout fishing season opens next Monday. Polish up your six-inch rule.

—Read the Lindholm Company advertisement this week. It advertises suits for Easter.

—The fishing season opens Monday. Get a line on Redfield's ad and see what he has to offer.

—An acceptable gift at Easter time is hosiery. Mrs. Bisett has a line of them which she advertises in this issue.

—A 7-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Ordeway of Palmerville was so badly burned while playing around a bonfire last Thursday that death resulted in a few hours.

—The S. E. Dresser Manufacturing company have secured a site and will soon erect a large plant in Bradford, says the Era. It will greatly help that city in the industrial line.

—William Logue of Austin, aged 28 years, conductor on a B. & S. log train, was instantly killed near Hammersly, Friday morning. He was crushed between the bumbers while making a coupling.

—The condition of Main street during the week must have been a delight to the negatives on the paving question. It was not uncommon for vehicles to become stuck fast in the mud at various places within the borough limits.

—Frank A. Shelander of Kasson has rented his farm in Bloomster Hollow and is going to move his farm in Marvindale where he is conducting a general store. Mr Shelander is a warm friend of the MINER and it wishes him success.

—A novelty in the way of a window decoration is shown by one of our enterprising merchants. Wm. Monheimer displays in his window clothing and other goods on which sit little chicks, chirping, as is were, the prices of the goods upon which they perch. The display attracts a good deal of attention, and should help to make sales. See Monheimer's 48-col. time-piece.

Lincoln and the Old Virginian.

Washington was a strong man and a famous wrestler. He was never thrown, which meant much, for wrestling was a favorite amusement with Virginians, many of whom were as nearly invincible as the ancient Greeks. Lincoln, too, could boast classic excellence in the same sport. "It is a curious thing," Lincoln said, when Washington's prowess was first brought to his attention—"it is a curious thing, but that is just precisely my record when I was a youth. I could outlift any man in Illinois, and I never was thrown. If George was round now, I should be pleased to have a tussle with him, and I rather believe that one of the plain people of Illinois would be able to keep up his end against the old Virginian."

Matrimony and Patience.

Matrimony and patience! It is not always a perfect combination, is it? In South Africa the savage tribes have a peculiar ceremony which they put the matrimonial candidate through previous to his entering the holy state. His hands are tied up in a bag containing five ants for two hours. If he bears unmoved the tortures of their stings he is considered qualified to cope with the nagging and daily jar and fret of married life. Such a man would make an admirable husband. He would not be upset by the thoughts of a spring bonnet or grow irritable every time the steak was overdone. The idea of having a patience trial for those about to marry is one that civilized people might adopt.

The Largest Described Snake.

Speke, in his narrative of the journey to the source of the Nile, describes the largest snake that has ever been seen by man. "I shuddered," he says, "as I looked upon the effects of his tremendous dying strength. For yards around where he lay grass, bushes and saplings—in fact, everything except full grown trees—were cut clean off as if they had been trimmed with an immense scythe. The monster when measured was 51 feet and 2½ inches in extreme length, while around the thickest portions of its body the girth was nearly three feet."

Labor.

If it were not for labor men could neither eat so much nor relish so pleasantly nor sleep so soundly nor be so healthful nor so useful, so strong nor so patient, so noble or so untempted.—Jeremy Taylor.

Important.

"What sort of a man is Jimson?"

"Oh, he's one of those fellows who send their washerwoman a check for $2 and call it square."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Legend of a Book.

A quaint and highly colored illustration of the [illegible] relations of Virgil for the possession of their favorite author is that of St. Cadoc and Virgil. St. Cadoc, whose day is Jan. 24, was the son of a South Welsh prince who founded several monasteries in Glamorganshire and neighboring regions, but was driven away to Brittany by the coming of the Saxons. There he was walking one day with a copy of Virgil's poems in his hand and wept to think that Virgil as a pagan might be in hell. An ultra orthodox friend who was with him severely reproved him for even doubting the fact, and a sudden gust of wind carried the book out of Cadoc's hand into the sea. But that night he heard in a dream a sweet voice saying: "Pray for me; weary not in praying. I will sing the mercies of the Lord forever." And next day a fisherman brought Cadoc a fish inside which the Virgil was found uninjured. —London Chronicle.

Mixed Wives.

In the early part of the last century there lived in an old New England town a Mr. Church, who in the course of his earthly life was bereft of four wives, all of whom were buried in the same lot. In his old age it became necessary to remove the remains to a new cemetery. This he undertook himself, but in the process the bones became hopelessly mixed. His "New England conscience" would not allow him under the painful circumstances to use the original headstones, so he procured new ones, one of which bore the following inscription:

"Here lies Hannah Church and probably a portion of Emily."

Another:

"Sacred to the memory of Emily Church, who seems to be mixed with Matilda."

Then followed these lines:

Stranger, pause and drop a tear,
For Emily Church lies buried here,
Mixed in some perplexing manner
With Mary, Matilda and probably Hannah.

—Harper's Weekly.

The Last Versailles Bourbon.

There is at Versailles an orange tree some five centuries old. This tree, which was taken from Fontainebleau of Versailles on the completion of the orangery, was already famous under the title of the Grand Bourbon. According to tradition, the tree had been planted in 1421 by a Princess of Navarre and after several changes of owners came into the possession of Francois I., by whom it was placed at Fontainebleau. When it reached Versailles the king came to visit it, and two grand Bourbons were then face to face. The man passed, and even his bones, torn from their tomb at St. Denis and tossed into a trench, have perished. Not a pinch of his dust remains. But the tree lives and blooms and bears fruit, the only Bourbon at Versailles, serene, invincible, enthroned.—Farmer's Versailles.

The Good Fellow.

The treasurer of a church temperance society told at a temperance meeting a dramatic story.

"A woman entered the barroom," he said, "and advanced quietly to her husband, who sat drinking with three other men. She placed a covered dish on the table and said:

"'Thinkin' ye'd be too busy to come home to supper, Jack, I've fetched it to you here.'

"And she departed.

"The man laughed awkwardly. He invited his friends to share the meal with him. Then he removed the cover from the dish.

"The dish was empty. It contained a slip of paper that said:

"'I hope you will enjoy your supper. It is the same as your wife and children have at home.'"—Life.

Coffee-tea.

Coffee-tea is the common beverage of the natives of Java and Sumatra. When required for infusion the coffee leaves are gathered fresh from the trees and are dried in a pan over a slow fire until they are light brown. They are then put into a teapot, boiling water is poured over them, and the infusion is drunk with milk and sugar. It seems the general opinion that coffee should come in contact with metal as little as possible. The Viennese people prefer a glass bottle in a sandpan for roasting, and Dresdians use earthenware in preference to a metal pot for making.

In Southeast Africa.

A weird tale of witchcraft comes from the interior of Africa. A recent trial at the Lilongwe court proved that a native woman killed by a lion had been partly eaten by another native who was accused of impersonating the lion. The prisoner confessed freely that he had eaten of the woman's dead body, the excuse being that he had purchased from a "witch doctor" a medicine which enabled him to turn into a lion at will—in other words, to indulge in cannibalism in its lowest form as the mood took him.

A Waterspout.

A scientist says of a waterspout that passed over a certain district in France: "Its passage was accompanied with a sound which is described as resembling that of a battery of artillery drawn on the gallop over a paved street. At the base of an extended nimbus hung the reversed cone characteristic of phenomena of this kind. A strong wind was then blowing from the south-southwest. The waterspout was preceded by a storm and followed by a shower."

Two Archbishops.

The archbishop of Canterbury is primate of all England and therefore takes precedence of the archbishop of York, who is only "primate of England." This very nice distinction was made several centuries ago on account of a very bitter dispute arising between the two functionaries as to which should precede the other. The matter was settled by conferring precedence upon the archbishop of Canterbury, the two titles [illegible] conferred at the same time.

Resting a Model.

Many artists have the reputation of being implacable in their demands upon the model's strength. A characteristic example in an anecdote of the late Adolphe Menzel, the German painter, who at one time was engaged on a work of mural decoration and kept a man posed in an exceedingly fatiguing position on a scaffold for two hours. The great painter worked away, heedless of his model's discomfort. Finally the victim called down, "Herr Professor, how about the recess?"

"Certainly, my dear sir. Come down right away, and you shall have your recess."

As the model was descending from the scaffolding his limbs assumed a position which was one for which the artist had long been looking.

"Stop!" Menzel thundered. "Hold! Ah, fine! Keep that while I make a little sketch of it!"

The artist drew vigorously for half an hour, at the end of which he called out imperatively: "There, that will do for now. Get up on the scaffold again. We have had our recess."

The Town's Crooked Dividing Line.

"There is a reason for most everything," said a Cumberland county man when he was asked how in the world they came to have such a crooked line between two towns in his county. "There's a reason for this crooked line. You see, some of our towns established in pioneer times, when land was abundant and people were few, had a big territory, which was afterward sliced off to make new towns. It was so in the case you mention, and when the cut of was made people along the line of division were of different minds as to which town they wanted to be in. So the legislature drew a straight line between the two parts and then provided that persons dwelling on lands adjoining either side of this line might be in one town or the other, as they should decide within ninety days after passing the act. Some went one way and some the other, and the line was all skewed up to accommodate them." —Lewiston Journal.

The Chinchilla.

Chinchilla is a beautiful soft gray fur. It is not the most durable of furs, and, because of the difficulty of getting the perfect skin, it cannot be said to be among the least expensive. A muff and stole of the real chinchilla cost easily $1,000 or so. The tiny chinchilla itself, not more than twelve inches long, with a plump little body on short, stout legs, thrives only in the tropics. The little beasts have to be killed with the utmost precaution not to injure their fur, that grows on a skin nearly as tender and soft as a web of silk. A perfect skin not larger than a small pocket handkerchief is a revelation in fur growth. The texture of every hair is finer than floss silk, the length of it nearly an inch and the coloring about that of the soft, undyed marabou feathers.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Boarding Houses Take Note.

In view of the part that electricity plays in our modern life it is amusing to recall that when Benjamin Franklin erected the lightning conductor he was called to account by certain individuals for sacrilege in "attempting to divert the Almighty's lightning."

Restaurant proprietors and boarding house keepers have apparently overlooked a valuable hint which Dr. Franklin afforded them, as follows: He took an ancient rooster and killed it by a powerful shock from one of his Leyden jars. When subsequently the bird was served at his table "its flesh was found to be as tender as that of a young partridge," or so he declares. This is one of the discoveries which should make the name of Franklin forever honored.—Success Magazine.

The Sultan's Kiosks.

In every city of the Ottoman empire there is a kiosk, and apart for the sultan, who never goes to it. These pavilion abodes are built of rare marbles and finished in fine woods, enameled in silver and gold, with mirrors and frescos from Vienna, mosaics from Florence and Rome, and are nominally guarded by major domos, who live there in royal ease and luxury, unmolested. Hundreds of millions of francs are thus squandered, while not a sou is spent in making roads, fertilizing valleys or beautifying the town.

Golden Nose.

Tycho Brahe, the famous Danish mathematician, was known as the "Wizard of the Golden Nose." While at the university he lost his nose in a duel and replaced it with a nasal organ of gold, held in place by cement and a pair of spectacles. This addition to his countenance gave him a very peculiar appearance and caused him to be much feared by the common people, who attributed to him many supernatural powers, largely on account of his remarkable nose.

Tasmanian Girls.

For many years Tasmania has been known as the "Circassia of the colonies," a tribute to the exceptional loveliness of its young women. There have been Tasmanian peeresses, but the pretty Tasmanian girls are mostly in demand as barmaids for Sydney and Melbourne. Some years ago it was elicited in evidence at an official inquiry in Melbourne that Tasmanian barmaids command double the ordinary wages for this kind of work.

Two Goat Islands.

Here is an extraordinary coincidence: The island lying between the American fall and the Canadian fall at Niagara is called Goat Island. What is now called Livingstone island at the Victoria falls in Africa is called Kempongo by the natives, and this signifies "goat island."

Contradicted.

"It's impossible to have too much of a good thing," said the thoughtful thinker.

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the contrary person. "Matrimony is a good thing, and what do you find in a bigamist is plenty."—Chicago News.

Jackals and Crocodile Eggs.

Jackals and hyenas are very fond of crocodile eggs. The former is the more successful poacher of the two. Natives of central Africa say that the jackal has sixteen eyes, with one of which he watches the eggs and with the fifteen others he looks out for the crocodile. The hyena, on the other hand, being very greedy, has all his eyes on the eggs and so often falls a victim to the watchful crocodile in motionless hiding. The natives say, too, that the crocodile sometimes knocks its prey off the bank or off the canoe with its tail and then seizes it with its wide open jaws.

According to the Book.

Miles—By the way, old man, do you believe in dreams? Giles—You bet I do! One night about a month ago I dreamed that an angel appeared at my bedside and said, "Prepare for the worst," then disappeared. Miles—Well? Giles—The very next day our cook left, and my wife has been doing the cooking ever since.—Chicago News.

A Boy's View.

"Mamma," asked the little boy, "what does this story mean by talking about a great-grandmother? Ain't all grandmothers great?"

Time Is Money.

Those who are five minutes late do more to upset the order of the world than all the anarchists.—Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY SAFEGUARD

Dr. Green arranges with the Niece of Dr. Boschee to handle her famous Uncle's Great Throat and Lung Cure.

¶The best family safeguard is a reliable household medicine that will cure croup, coughs, colds, chilly sensations, running eyes and nose, sore throat and bronchial affections—that will keep the children proof against all contagious diseases.

¶Such a medicine is Boschee's German Syrup, which has a record of 35 years in the cure of consumption, catarrh and all lung and bronchial troubles.

¶The fame of German Syrup as a consumptive cure, since its purchase by Dr. Green from the niece of the famous Dr. Boschee, has extended to all parts of the earth. It has big sales everywhere. 50 ¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists

For sale by H. C. Wells.

Explanations

are often highly unsatisfactory. Ask a tinker why he charged usual prices for a botch job of plumbing and he is dumb. Discharge the tinker and hire us. Our

Plumbing Work

is high grade, stands closest inspection and is as cheap as others. Material used, like our work is A1. Get us for spring plumbing and have it done right.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT!

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM.

TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

The Keen County Times

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, April 12, 1906.

Political Announcement.

FOR ASSEMBLY.

Editor Miner:—I am a candidate for member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. If nominated and elected, I will strive to represent our county fairness to all and to secure only such legislation as will promote the best interests of all. I believe that many reforms are needed in Pennsylvania and if elected, I will vote to secure and maintain them.

R. P. HANCOCK.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 24, 1906.

N. M. Orcutt Kane is a candidate for Member of Assembly, subject to nomination at the Republican primaries.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my candidacy for the office of Representative in the Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries.

A. J. NORDSTROM.

Port Allegany, Pa., March 8, 1906.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Jury Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

P. D. OSTRANDER.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 27, 1906.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of Jury Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

A. D. SIMMONS.

Stah Line Mills, Pa., March 7, 1906.

FOR DELEGATES.

Major Andrew D. Burns, of the city of Bradford, is hereby announced as a candidate for delegate to the next Republican State Convention, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

Hon. John W. Campbell of Kane, is a candidate for delegate to the next Republican State Convention, under the rules of the Republican party.

The announcement of Samuel W. Smith Esq., of Port Allegany, as a candidate for delegate to the next Republican State Convention, is hereby made, subject to the usages of the Republican party.

"MURDERS among Italians are becoming so frequent that they no longer are regarded as sensational news items," says the Bradford Era. There is much truth in that short statement, but isn't it about time that strenuous measures were adopted to put a stop to such crimes? Three murders within four months is not an enviable record for a law-abiding and highly respectable county like McKean. The lawless Italian element must be taught that its methods will not be tolerated in this civilized community or, in the natural order of things, crime will continue to increase, and who can tell to what alarming extent such criminals will go.

MT. VESUVIUS is again in eruption and many lives have already been sacrificed to the wrath of the most deadly volcano on earth. A newspaper dispatch says: "From the Mediterranean to the Adriatic, the whole southern portion of Italy is enveloped in terrifying darkness and ashes continually fall from the black sky. Mount Vesuvius, shrouded in vaporous smoke, is emitting flashes of flame, huge blocks of white hot stone, which are hurled an incredible distance. People are fleeing powerless and helpless, and fully half a million are homeless wanderers. The number of fatalities reported in the past few hours has increased alarmingly. Over five hundred deaths are now known to have occurred from the result of the eruption, and when the story is written, if it ever is, this number is likely to be much larger. Many have been seriously injured, and great numbers are missing and unaccounted for."

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., April 7, 1906.

It is remarkable what a number of excellent arguments can be advanced in favor of almost any form of rate bill and how by the same process of reasoning each bill presented can in turn be shown to be so faulty as to be scarcely worth a second thought. Another thing equally remarkable is, that everyone in the House and almost everyone in the Senate admits the necessity for rate regulation. None dare deny it. Yet the opponents of legislation can all of them produce bills that logically are all right while all other bills are logically all wrong. Now Senator Elkins has always been classed, rightly or wrongly, as a champion of the railroads and one of the strong "opposition" senators." Yet in his speech on the rate bill this week, he declared he was one of the warmest supporters of the President's plea for a square deal. He presented a bill that as he explained it, seemed to have a number of advantages over anything else produced, always excepting Senator Newland's bill, which goes to the root of the matter at once but is too radical for Congress to think of passing for a few years yet.

Senator Elkins in coming out for a bill of his own said that while he was classed as a railroad man, he had ten times the interest in shipping that he had in carrying. Of course anyone can accept Senator Elkins' statements at their face value or not just as they please. Yet what he said was that he was opposed to the Hepburn bill because it did not go far enough. He said there were wrongs, abuses and discriminations by the railroads and he wanted to see them stopped. But he said the Hepburn bill would not stop them. He said that he wanted a bill that embodied a court review with the right of the court to suspend any rate fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission but compelling the railroads to deposit the amount of money in dispute with the court pending the decision of the order. But what he said he was particularly anxious about was a distinct prohibition against the railroads producing or dealing in the commodities they carried. This he admitted was prohibited by the decision of the Supreme Court in the Chesapeake & Ohio case, but he wanted it specifically stated in the act. He was also in favor of compelling the railroads to put in switches and make connections with lateral lines on a reasonable basis. Also he wanted the bill to compel the carriers to make a fair distribution of cars and to provide for prompt connections and a prorating agreement with connecting lines.

All this coming from one who is classed as a railroad senator, sounds very fair. Is was a more liberal proposition than had been expected from him. Now the question remains, was Mr. Elkins talking in good faith and was he as much in harmony with the President's ideas as he professed to be? If he was not, where was the "joker" in any of his proposed amendments?

What purports to be the true story of Ambassador Bellamy Storer's recall from Vienna is going the rounds in diplomatic circles and if it is the true explanation, merely shows that he was not the first man in public life to have his ambitions wrecked by a desire on the part of his wife to play at politics. It seems that while the Storers were diplomatically accredited they spent a good deal of time in Rome and while there MRS. Storer conceived the idea of having Archbishop Ireland created a cardinal, thus making two cardinals in America. There was another party of Americans of whom Mr. Philbin of New York was one, who wanted a second cardinal over here but who were backing Archbishop Farelly of New York. The matter was brought to the attention of the President and he said that while he was a warm admirer of both prelates and while he would be glad to see any of his friends in the Catholic, Methodist or Episcopal church, and he had friends in all, get a promotion, he could not as the President take any part in suggesting action to Rome. This was a very natural and proper position for the President to take. But the matter was discussed by the high officials in Vatican circles and they decided that the President did not seem to be particularly interested in either appointee, so the matter was dropped. The result has been that a second American cardinal has not yet been appointed. This made Mrs. Storer very indignant and she lost no opportunity to make trouble for the Administration. There was the case of Consul Hurst who was dropped from the service. Both Ambassador Storer and his wife wrote some very acid letters on the subject criticising the Administration. For this the Ambassador was sharply called down. The breach widened and the Storers left their post in Vienna and went to Egypt. The Ambassador sulked and for about three months failed to answer the letters of the President and of the Secretary of State. Matters finally reached a stage where the President was forced to write his Ambassador that he could either go back to Vienna, answer the letters that were addressed him or resign. Mr. Storer chose the latter alternative and the post has been filled by a new appointee. But it all shows how a woman playing with politics can make a mess of it just like a man.

The Wise Investment.

Mr. Marshall Field became interested in the work of the American Sunday School union sufficiently to undertake the support of a missionary in 1878. This he continued during his life and the money thus contributed to the American Sunday School union enabled its missionaries to establish 1,085 Sunday schools and bring into them 3,928 teachers and 33,665 scholars. Besides this they visited and otherwise aided 828 Sunday schools, which had a membership of 2,841 teachers and 38,861 scholars, made at least 93,261 visits to families, and held 9,489 religious meetings. They placed in the homes of the children $7,659 worth of religious literature and 6,672 bibles and testaments.

The first fruits of this work are 5,903 professed conversions, and the organizing of 261 churches, representing the several denominations.

While Mr. Field could not go himself as a Sunday school missionary, he put the saving salt of the gospel by proxy into 1,085 communities and enlisted 3,928 men and women to act as bible teachers for 33,665 boys and girls at the impressive and critical period of their lives. Mr. Field contributed in the 28 years $85,500.

The main part of the work sustained by Mr. Field will go right on, a member of the firm having supplied the means.

H. O. McClintock, missionary for the American Sunday School union, in this county, is doing a similar work, supported by the gifts of the people. George J. Henderson, missionary for Western Pennsylvania, is now in the county giving the people an opportunity to do something of the same work that Mr. Field did.—Bradford Record.

Very Low One Way Settlers' Rates to Minnesota and the Dakotas via the Nickel Plate Road from Buffalo to many points in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Manitoba, every Tuesday until April 24th. Write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or O. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Call and examine my stock of horse blankets, robes, etc. The prices are low and stock the best. C. LEDDLER.

Special Easter Display At OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

To Complete the Easter Costume.

Buy a dainty white embroidered Shirt Waist pattern or a beautiful robe that is ready to be turned into a lovely gown with a few moments work. And we have just received a timely shipment of handsome waists—faultlessly stylish.

Over them wander delicate graceful traceries of embroidery, 69c, buys the simplest design—$20.00 to $25.00 the elaborate waist.

A waist or a robe, or a waist pattern is just the thing to delightfully finish the Easter costume—and, as they laundry splendidly—one or two will be a graceful addition to your summer wardrobe.

Only remember—first choice is always best.

Easter Offering.

A special white embroidered Robe, circular skirt—worth $10, for $5. 95. A full line up to $37.50.

50 LINGERIE SHIRT WAIST patterns, handsomely embroidered and lace trimmed, worth $1.25, for 95c.

Hand embroidered shirt waist patterns on linen and shear lawns, $2, $2.25, $2.75, up to $7.50 each.

Special Easter Offering.

50 doz. neatly made white waists—large variety of styles, choice 98c.

The above lot of waists are valued at $1.50 each.

THE NEW WHITE LAUNDRY SUITS.

Over 100 new styles opened for Easter Trade. The showing will be very attractive in our ready-to-wear department. Every customer compliments us upon our fine showing of costumes and suits.

BELL BROS.

The leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House in Southwestern New York.

GRAND EASTER OPENING

THURSDAY and FRIDAY, APRIL 5 and 6.

Millinery, Cloaks, Skirts and Ladies' Furnishings

In the spring time a woman's fancy seriously turns to thoughts of dress. The wise woman plans on when, how and where to buy her spring outfit to save money.

We will show you at this opening a larger and better line than ever shown before. Every new and nobby creation in Ladies Pattern Hats.

All the swell new Spring Jackets and Skirts. Latest in Shirt Waists, etc.

YOU ARE INVITED TO CALL.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman

McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case

Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, **35c**

Emperor and Puritan **20c**

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, **30c**

Black Coffee **10, 20, 22, & 35 cents**

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets an Robes is here and at th store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cas' Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single o double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

Easter Wearables

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

The largest assortment in suits.

499 Styles in plain and fancy cloths.

Rain Coats for the little fellows as well as the big ones. Top Coats the same.

New Hats New Ties New Shirts
New Caps New Shoes

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 & 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 & 15c

Remember you may have free every month The Ladies' Home Journal Style Book. It is better than most fashion periodicals.

House cleaning time is here and we would like to call your attention to the fact that I can furnish you with

Curtain scrim at 10c per yd.
Curtain swiss at 15c per yd.
Dotted curtain mull at 12 ½c per yd.
Mull curtains at 75c to $1.25 per pair.
Lace curtains at $1 to $3 per pair.
White poles and trimming at 10c each.
Extension curtain poles at 10c each.
Telescopic sash rods at 10c per pair.
Window shades at 25 to 50c each.
Window shading, 38 to 48 in. wide, 20 to 40c per yd.
Shade rollers at 15c.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

March 20, 1906.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES IN

Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN

THE LEADING TAILOR.

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

WE CAN SUPPLY THEM.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY AND ACCURATELY PROPOUNDED

EASTER NOVELTIES.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

ALL NEW STYLES OF

EASTER GOWNS

SHOWN THIS WEEK.

Each one a Masterpiece and Absolutely Correct in Material, Best Finish and Price.

NEW STYLES IN SHOES.

For Ladies	$1.50 to $3.00.
For Men	$3.50 to $5.00.
For Children	50c to $2.50.

A SPECIAL EASTER OFFERING

Friday and Saturday only
$5.50, $6.00 and $6.50 Skirts, at **$4.98**

ALL EXTRA VALUES. SEE THEM.

The Lindholm Co.

Use the "BRISTOL" for Trout.

Are you going after "SPECKLED BEAUTIES" This Season?

We are in a position to fit you out with the best and most complete outfits.

We have just received a supply of the latest improved rods, hooks, flies and lines that can be obtained any where and we would be pleased to have you call and look them over.

Don't forget the season opens Monday and you may be short of something.

H. H. REDFIELD

Hamilton Block Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 13, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Civil court next week.

—Several plain drunks passed Sunday in the lockup.

—See the new advertisement of E. W. Strong, the plumber!

—The Modern Protective Association held an interesting meeting last evening.

—All the latest and best things for Easter is the subject of Fry & Comes ad this week.

—Hardware is a subject that J. C. Hamlin is interested in. He has a change of ad to-day.

—The Kane Percheron Horse Co. has an important notice to horsemen in another column.

—Bell Bros. of Olean are on hand this week with an interesting and seasonable ad. Look it over.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Cummins of Mechanic street, on Wednesday, April 10, a daughter.

—Thomas Anglan, a son of Mercantile Appraiser James Anglan, is a patient at the Bradford hospital.

—The Maccabees of Port Allegany are arranging to initiate a member into that organization, the first one in two years.

—On March 22, D. C. Young and family were in Cairo, Egypt. The tourists were in good health and thoroughly enjoying themselves.

—The millinery opening of Mrs. A. E. Hinman last week was very successful in every detail, showing much artistic taste in smart and up-to-date hats.

—As soon as the weather becomes settled work on the extension of the Shawmut railroad from St. Marys to Brookville will be resumed on a large scale.

—Sheriff Mitchell wishes us to announce that visiting days at the jail will be confined to Tuesdays and Fridays from 8 to 11 a. m. and 1 to 4 p. m.

—Both choirs of St. Luke's church will be combined for the service on Easter at 7:30 p. m. New choir vestments have been imported for the boys.

—Miss Elizabeth J. Young died in the Warren asylum on Wednesday last, aged 68 years. The funeral and burial occurred in Jamestown, N. Y., last Friday.

—Rev. Father Dugan instructed us to state that there would be no services in his church Friday evening as announced by him. The Swedish Lutheran people will use the church at that time.

—The ladies having charge of the chicken supper at the Lyceum next Monday night can be relied upon to please all who attend. Supper begins at 5:30 p. m. and later in the evening dancing will follow.

—A dastardly attempt was made to wreck a B. R. & P. flyer near Bradford last Friday morning. Ties and kegs of railroad spikes were placed on the track. The engine was slightly damaged. No one was hurt.

—At the Baptist church next Sunday the services will be at 10:45 a. m., Sunday school at 12 m., Juniors meet at 3 p. m., Christian Endeavor at 6:30 and preaching at 7:30. Rev. T. D. Ware will preach at East Smethport next Sunday at 3 p. m.

—Curt A. Witherow of Clermont has purchased of F. W. and H. L. Backus the lot at the corner of Main and Pine streets in this borough. Mr. Witherow intends to erect a building on this lot which will be used as a residence and photograph gallery.

—The Epworth League will hold an Easter market in J. Colegrove's store Saturday, April 14, commencing at 10 a. m. Hand painted and burnt wood place cards, Easter greetings, colored eggs, Easter baskets, home-made candies, etc., will be on sale at moderate prices.

—Lawrence, a 2-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Coon of East Smethport, drank a small quantity of washing fluid last Saturday forenoon and for a time was thought to be in a critical condition. Dr. Hamilton was called and attended the little sufferer, who has since completely recovered.

—The Smethport Lodge I.O.O.F. are making extensive preparations for the Elk-McKean Odd Fellows Association meeting to be held in this place, Thursday, April 26. A parade in which it is expected that nearly 1,000 of the three link brethren will participate, is to be one of the many features of the day.

—We understand that some of the Fish and Game Clubs in this section have given their wardens notice not to arrest persons for fishing on Sunday, but as the State Game Warden has given out the order to make arrests for all Sunday violation it will not be safe to angle for the elusive trout on the day of rest.

—At the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday morning the Rev. W. A. Harris will preach an Easter sermon, "The Morning at the Tomb," and in the evening the topic will be, "The Same Day at Evening." There will be Easter floral decorations and special Easter music by the choir both morning and evening.

—The saw mill being erected on Mechanic street by Holmes & Gilfillan is nearing completion. Machinery is being placed in position and operations will commence soon. The stock of logs at present is small, but the MINER understands that Messrs. Holmes & Gilfillan have purchased a small tract of hemlock in Irish Hollow and expect to cut the logs next winter.

—The voting contest conducted by the Bradford Star to determine the most popular lady and gentleman in Bradford closed Saturday night. The ladies, first prize, a diamond ring, was won by Miss Adelaide Polley of the Bell Telephone company, and the gentlemen's first prize, also a diamond ring, was won by John T. Wheeler. Chief Burt McAllister led the gentlemen up to within a few hours of the closing of the contest.

—On Saturday last Judge Bonton filed an order for an extra term of court beginning Monday, June 11, the week following the regular term. District Attorney Mayo on Saturday said that the Italians accused of the murder of Guiseppa Tiberi would probably be tried the first week of court. Several other cases of general public interest will be tried during the June term and from present indications it will be a "big" court.

—Smethport will have at least one base ball team in the field this season. The young of the high school formed a High School Athletic Association last week and besides having a ball team intend organizing a track team. It is quite probable that other schools in this vicinity will organize similar athletic associations in the future and that besides a series of ball games a field meet will be held in which several towns will participate.

—Some talk is heard among local firemen of attempting to land the 1907 convention of the Northwestern Volunteer Firemen's Association in Smethport. This would certainly be a great event for the town and with the hearty co-operation of the citizens could be made a success. It would be a large undertaking, but Smethport has a number of competent and reliable hustlers who could do the work, providing they received sufficient encouragement from the townspeople in general.

—Girard Button, who has been employed at the butter dish factory for some time, was seriously if not fatally injured while about his work this morning. He was using a stick to shift a belt and allowed the stick to catch in the pulley and the force was such that the stick was broken and a portion of it struck him a terrible blow in the stomach. Drs. Colcord and Otto were called. Mr. Button was taken to his home on Brooklyn side and is in a very serious condition.—Port Allegany Argus.

—A 4-year-old boy of Church street was being told the story of the crucifixion a day or so ago and the pathetic nature of the greatest tragedy of history was so impressive that the little fellow's heart was filled to overflowing with pity for the sufferer and resentment for the persecutors and at last no longer able to keep silent he blurted out: "Where in hell was George Trim when that all happened." George Trim is the efficient policeman for this place and to the youngster represented the highest authority in the world.—Westfield Free Press.

—The Inter-State Theatrical Circuit, under the management of C. G. Maynard of Coudersport, is receiving considerable attention from exchanges. The circuit includes Coudersport, Galeton, Smethport, Mt. Jewett, Wellsboro, Port Allegany, Austin, Shinglehouse and Westfield. As the MINER understands the project it is to enable the other towns mentioned to secure the class of attractions enjoyed by Smethport theatre-goers since the opening of the Lyceum. The towns mentioned are nearly all "good towns for good shows" and if the shows booked are worthy they can depend upon liberal patronage.

Notice.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Smethport Gas Co., for the election of directors and transaction of other business, will be held at the office of the Company, Fulton street, Smethport, Pa., on Monday, May 7th, 1906, at 7:30 p. m. By order of

D. C. YOUNG, Pres.

For wet feet try a pair of Hood's Rubbers. The Lindholm Co.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Inquire of Mrs. Robt. Hamilton.

Personal Mention.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Norman were Bradford visitors Saturday.

Miss Sophie Hafner spent Sunday with her parents at Clermont.

Louis Dickenson returned last evening from a brief visit to Buffalo.

Misses Esther and Cora Erhart passed their vacation in Crosby this week.

Miss Marion Hafner is spending her vacation with her grandparents at Clermont.

Miss Agnes and Anna Barry are visiting their brother in Philadelphia this week.

R. C. Gleason returned from Warren Saturday where he had attended the funeral of a relative.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. O'Reilly of Pittsburg are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. O'Reilly.

Mrs. John Forrest has returned from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. A. W. Mitchell, in Parkersburg, W. Va.

Mrs. Hockenberry, nee Miss Gertrude Walker, of Bradford is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Walker.

Misses Ruth Holmes and Zola Brasted were guests of Miss Eva Hopper at Mt. Jewett from Friday until Tuesday.

Miss Pearl Camp, who is attending Villa Marie Academy at Erie, is spending her Easter vacation with Smethport relatives.

Dissolution Notice.

The firm doing business as Carrie Reilly Clark & Co., having been dissolved by mutual consent the business in Smethport will be continued by Mrs. Carrie Clark, who will assume all debts of said firm and collect all monies due the said firm.

MRS. CARRIE CLARK,
MISS M. M. HIBBARD.

Smethport, Pa., March 28, 1906.

Low Round Trip Homeseeker's Rate

Via the Nickel Plate Road. From Buffalo to many points in the West, Southwest and Northwest. Tickets on sale April 17th. For particulars write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Notice to Horsemen.

We will exhibit our $3,000.00 imported Percheron stallion, Toxique, at Wm. Jones' livery barn, Wednesday, April 18, 1906.

KANE PERCHERON HORSE COMPANY.

New Milk Route.

James Quirk is now prepared to furnish customers with fresh milk daily. A wagon has been placed on the road. Use the 'phone or notify the Model Restaurant if in need of milk.

For Sale.

Two valuable cows, two buggies and a cutter. For particulars inquire of Mrs. Mary Brandt, Smethport, Pa.

Whiteola, the great shoe, glove and clothing cleaner at Fry & Comes and J. Colegrove's.

If you want the best it is a "Korrect" Skirt. Ask Miss Walsh at Lindholm's.

Get a new fur robe at Lemmler's. He carries a large line that will please you.

For Easter Gifts Buy Silk Hose.

We have a beautiful line of plain and fancy

SILK HOSE

Also late designs in Lisle and Lace Hose. Just the thing for pretty gifts. Everything else pretty in Easter gifts.

MARY L. BISETT,

City Store.

At MONHEIMER'S

OUR CHICKEN WINDOW

should interest you.

You can see and almost hear the low prices, little yellow chickies chirp, on Suits, on which they perch.

They "quote" your handsome Childrens Suits at from $3 to $5 and men's suits at from $10 to $18.

This Clothing not only looks well but wears well. Test it and see.

Wm. Monheimer.

McCALL PATTERNS

ARROW COLLARS 2 for 25c

FRY & COMES.

We're Ready With New Things For EASTER.....

The last few days before Easter are full of busy preparation. So many things you'll want that you had forgotten about. You'll want them in a hurry now. These are just the things we commend our stocks to you for. We've had busy selling days but we have kept our shelves replenished for the eleventh hour needs.

Gloves

The short sleeve waist must have elbow gloves. We can meet your needs 16 button length kid, $1.75 to $2.90; silk 75c.

Neckwear

A great variety of newest fashions, 10c to $2.00.

Ribbons

Dame Fashion calls loudly for ribbons. We include most of the wanted things from the ordinary sorts up to the fine grades.

Skirts

This is the only store in Smethport where you can get the "Butterfly tailored skirts. They're skirts made to please particular people. $5 to $19.

Waists

We sell the "Waldorf" Special. Emphasis is put on fit, finish and style. Values unsurpassed at 75c to 6.50

SEVENTY-FIVE SAMPLE WAISTS.

We have purchased a waist manufacturer's line of samples. His season was over so he let us have them at a price which allows us to sell them at less than what would ordinarily be cost to us. Needless to say they are all new and perfect clean goods. 40c to $3.50

FRY & COMES

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

LUMBER YARD.

BUILDING MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS.

Brick, Cement, Lime, Wall Plaster,

Sewer Pipe, Ruberoid Roofing.

Wagon Repairing, Carriage Painting,

Custom Sawing.

Cash paid for good merchantable logs.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

PRILL BRADFORD, PA. PRILL

PRILL'S Reduction Sale is on. Reducing stock before inventory. Great bargains in every line. Now is the time to buy Diamonds and Watches.

7 MAIN STREET PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 47a.

DOWN BY THE RIO GRANDE

By CURRAN RICHARD GREENLEY.

Copyright, 1900, by P. C. Eastment

The long gray adobe walls of the hacienda lay bathed in the quiver of yellow light. Alleyne watched Margaret's face for a sign of truce, but the shadows came and went between the vines that draped the patio as the interminable Sabbath afternoon dragged away and Margaret remained buried in her book. "And all about a beggarly horse thief," he murmured to himself as he sat up straight and sent the pile of magazines crashing to the floor.

There was a look of consciousness about the back of that shapely brown head that held itself so persistently averted, but Alleyne deemed it wiser not to reopen the subject of Miguel.

Over in the corral things wore a deserted air. Two or three men lounged in the shade of the high wall. Alleyne yawned and looked at his watch and at a faint movement of the figure in the rocker. "Margaret, I"— Crack-ack-ack! Somewhere away to the west three shots rang out in rapid succession, a pause and then three more.

Over in the corral the lounging figures sprang to life, and an instant later three ponies were galloping in the direction of the shots. Alleyne dashed into the house, reappearing with the field glasses. "They've got him!" He was peering at a collection of black dots on the edge of the horizon.

"Got who?" Margaret laid her hand upon his arm.

"The mischief!" Alleyne jerked the glasses down. "I forgot you were here." Under her steady gaze his color changed. "Yes, if you will have the whole ghastly truth and cannot be persuaded to stay out of it, it's that scoundrel Miguel."

Margaret shrank away from him with a low cry of distress. The look in her eyes went straight to Alleyne's heart, and his voice softened to a tender pleading as he tried to draw her to him. "Little woman, you cannot be the judge of those matters, and you cannot shield a horse thief. I could have told you this morning, but I preferred to let you think me a bit hard on Miguel than to shock you with the truth. There have been some queer happenings lately both here at the Alamo and at Jose's. Last night a bunch of Jose's best ponies came up missing, and the boys have been trailing him since sunrise."

"John Alleyne, do you mean to let those savages of yours murder a man here on the Alamo just for the sake of a few broncos?" Margaret faced him sternly, and Alleyne lost his hard kept patience.

"You forget that there are men's laws to be considered as well as God's, and out here on the fringe of the world the code knows no greater crime than lifting a broncho, and the lifting of many broncos aggravates the case. It is not a question in which my wife may meddle." And Alleyne strode toward the corral, while Margaret picked up the glasses.

The wind blown stretch of bare brown mesa told her nothing of the tragedy brewing behind its crest. She watched Alleyne until her eyes ached.

A clatter of hoofs and a voice calling her name brought her to the door, where a half broken cayuse snorted and pawed. Astride of him sat Bright Eyes, Miguel's Indian wife, the brown baby swung to her back. There was a queer ashen pallor on the woman's stolid face as she slid from the pony's back, one hand clutching at the deer skin thong that held the papoose. "White man get Miguel. Miguel he no die. Babe?"

Margaret cowered before the awful pleading in those savage eyes. "Not a question in which my wife may meddle," John had said, but there was no time to weigh scruples, and five minutes later a strangely assorted pair rode into the face of the setting sun, and the rough little cayuse strove to keep pace with the swinging stride of the Hindoo mare. Far ahead a black dot moved against the sky that Margaret knew to be Alleyne. A grimness of consequences flashed across her mind, but the sweet young mouth only grew a little firmer as she struck the trail of many horses and knew the goal to be in sight.

On and on, sagebrush and prickly pear, the yellow sand beneath and overhead the blue melting into the evening's violet crown—nature's own smile upon the scene that swept into view, whose mien and bearing were grouped around the impassive figure wrapped in the ragged poncho that lounged in careless grace against the white scarred trunk of a large mesquite. Margaret's eyes went instinctively to the lariat knotted about the bronze throat. It was not the first time that Miguel had felt it there, but Rusty Pete himself held the end of this one.

The voices hushed instantly, and to a man the wide sombreros were lifted as Margaret slipped from the saddle and stood looking from one dark face to another. An awful sense of self engulfed her, and in another moment Miguel's cause would have been lost. But the grim set of Alleyne's mouth as he started toward her gave her the courage that is born of cowardice. Before he could reach her she had broken through the circle to Miguel's side, and the sun struck along the barrel of a revolver leveled straight at Rusty Pete. "Drop that rope!" she cried.

Pete let go as if the lariat were red-hot iron; then she wheeled to face the ring of Miguel's accusers. "Men of the Alamo, you are many. This man is but one, bound and helpless, but the first man that moves toward him does so at his peril. If you persist in taking him it will be over my body!"

Alleyne's eyes were blazing, but not a man stirred for a long moment, an interminable time, it seemed to the woman, who stood between that ring of fierce faces and their prey.

"God in heaven, will it last forever?" Her brain was reeling and the black figures danced in a blood red mist as earth rose in waves beneath her. The silent battle was almost done when a wild yell from the darkening mesa scattered the circle to right and left as the man from Jose's galloped in. "Cut that rope!" yelled the leader as he bore down upon the group under the mesquite.

Margaret staggered blindly into Alleyne's arms, seeing nothing but the flash of Pete's knife as he cut the thongs, then utter blackness until she awoke to the white walls of her own room.

Alleyne was bending over her. There was something distinctly apologetic in his attitude. Margaret grasped her advantage. "Well?" Her tone was tentative. Alleyne settled himself on the side of the bed, laughing a bit uneasily.

"I suppose you have the best of me, little woman. Your dramatic entrance upon the scene saved the day or we would have sent Miguel on the long ride on another man's count. Jose's men would have come too late."

"Who did it?"

"One of the greasers. Miguel had been over to the post loading up on fire water, as usual, and the greaser ran across him just about the time he discovered that the boys were close on his trail. Things were getting pretty warm for him when he persuaded Miguel to take charge of the ponies while he skipped out. Naturally the boys did not stop to question Miguel when they found him heading away from the ranch and the proof trotting alongside. It would have been all over for Miguel but for the fact that the greaser met a man who had good reasons for wanting to find him—and found him. Explanations came later, and when the greaser realized that a few broncos more or less couldn't count against a man who had only about twenty minutes to live he set things in motion to reach Miguel. That is all the story."

The south wind rustled the vines in the patio. Margaret looked down to the grove of mesquite just beyond the big corral, where a brown baby rolled in the dust at the door of Miguel's tepee. Alleyne's eyes followed hers. He understood.

A Good Lacquer.

It is often the case that one finds it convenient to have at hand a first class lacquer with, which to coat instruments, ornaments or other articles, to add either to their durability or finish. The following recipe will be found reliable and not specially expensive: One pint of best rectified alcohol, two drams each of saffron and Spanish annotto, an ounce of ground tumeric. Put these ingredients together and place them where there is a moderate heat. Leave them for several days, shaking them occasionally. When nearly dissolved add three ounces of the best seed lac in rough powder. Let this stand until the lac is all dissolved, shaking it frequently. If the color is to be a bright yellow, use less annotto; if a deep orange, use more. Put the mixture on while warm. Apply with a brush as one would use paint. The number of coats depends entirely upon the article and the purpose for which it is used. For blue lacquer add prussian or aniline blue to white shellac varnish made very thin. In making lacquer take great care not to use too much seed lac, as the mixture is likely to dry unevenly or in streaks.

A Veil With a History.

The bridal veil is evidently of eastern origin, being a relic of the bridal canopy held over the heads of the bride and bridegroom. Among the Anglo-Saxons a similar custom existed, but if the bride was a widow it was dispensed with. According to Sarum usage, a fine linen cloth was laid upon the heads of the bride and bridegroom and was not removed until the benediction had been said.

The old British custom was to use nature's veil unadorned—that is, the long hair of the bride, which was so worn by all brides, rapid, noble and simple. Only then did every one behold the tresses of maidenhood in their entirety and for the last time as after marriage they were neatly dressed on the head. Among some the tresses were cut and carefully stowed away on a woman becoming a wife. It was customary in Russia for village brides to shear their locks on returning from church.

The Precept of Idealists.

Listen to the old men seated upon the benches in the towns or during their walks in the parks. Listen to those who are in the midst of life, in the thick of bitter conflicts and heart sickening struggles. Listen to the women who have been married these several years. What discouraging remarks! Vanity of vanities! All these people have filed their reports, and, worn out, without the courage to put the ideal into life, it ends in inevitable and horrible bankruptcy. But in all this it is not life which is at fault. It is man. You must supply what is missing. Let us, then, to the professors of the ideal. Their precept is very simple. It resolves itself into this: "Be prepared for difficulties, but be faithful in the little things, and you will attain the great ones." It is by the very little steps that one rises slowly to the summits.—Charles Wagner in Harper's Bazar.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

AN EMPEROR'S TASTE.

It Was the Origin of a Common Saying in Austria.

An anecdote which was current of Ferdinand I. of Austria at one time greatly delighted his subjects and gave rise to a common saying. "One summer day he was hunting in the Syrian mountains and was overtaken by a violent hail storm. He sought refuge in a farmhouse whose occupants were just then at dinner, and his fancy was caught by some smoking dumplings made of coarse flour. He tasted them, liked them and asked for more, and when he got to Vienna, to the horror of the royal cooks, he ordered the same dumplings to be served up daily. The courtiers were scandalized that such a coarse dish should figure on the menu, and even his physicians remonstrated against the use of such food.

The emperor had always been the most pliant of men, but he now showed that he had a will of his own and persisted in gratifying his new fancy. Finally the physicians pretended that it was dangerous to his health to be living on dumplings and insisted on his giving them up. The hitherto docile sovereign stamped his foot and declared that he would never sign another official document if his diet were denied him.

"Emperor I am," he shouted, "and dumplings I will have!"

To prevent a stoppage of the government machinery opposition was withdrawn, and his majesty clung tenaciously to his dumplings. Then the imperial phrase became proverbial, and thereafter when any one insisted on gratifying a silly whim some one was sure to say:

"Emperor I am, and dumplings I will have!"

RELATING TO IRON.

Discovery of the Metal, According to Various Authorities.

The Bible speaks of Tubal Cain as the discoverer of iron and the father of smiths. The Egyptians imputed to Hephaestus the same honor, while Pliny mentions it having been discovered by Dactyles on Mount Ida after the forests on the mountain side had been destroyed by lightning. This was about 1,432 years B. C. Jeremiah and Ezekiel both mention iron in their Scriptural writings, the latter specially mentioning two qualities of the metal and calling one bright iron, which was probably steel.

Moses mentions an iron furnace, and Job speaks of it as being taken out of the earth. Thousands of years before the opening of the Christian era the Egyptians used iron in making sickles, knives and such things. Sparta first used iron for money. Britain also used it as a medium of barter and exchange prior to the conquest by the Romans.

The Britons before the time of Christ used to export iron to Gaul, and after the Roman conquest the conquerors established extensive smelting works, which existed at least as late as the Saxon conquest.—St. James' Gazette.

Racial Discrimination.

A small French-Italian coasting steamer was proceeding on its way. The passengers were of various nationalities—English, American, French, Italian and one large German. Most of the male passengers were gathered in the smoking room when the steward appeared at the door and with a bow announced, "Dinner, it is serve!"

The English and American contingent arose and started toward the dining saloon. The steward, seeing that his announcement had not been understood by all, continued, "Messieurs, c'est servi!" and as a portion of the passengers still remained seated, "Il pranso e servito!"

The French and Italians followed the English and Americans, leaving the large German in solitary state.

"Himmel!" he muttered hungrily. "Is it dot no German mans gets somethings to eat on dis boat, hein?"—Harper's Weekly.

The English at India.

Applying for a post in the police of the central provinces of India, a native wrote: "I have a good long aquiline nose, piercing eyebrows on a very globular face and a good physique. My family has a history that takes my imagination back to those palgrave when my grandfather was a nabob. With the vicissitude and times matter change and my father was driven to the necessity to accept a subordinateship. Ultimately he enjoyed the well earned pension by the time he gave up his ghost. In case my aspirations turn out a reality I shall, as a matter of course be bound to pray God for your long life and prosperity."

Conger Eels.

Conger eels hunt for the octopus and when found, proceed to battle on its limits. The octopus tries to hug the slippery, slimy conger tight, but in vain, and, finding its inkbe growing less, discharges its ink in the face of the foe and under cover of the turbid water beats a hasty retreat. It is to escape the too pressing attention of its foes that the octopus possesses the power of changing its color to correspond with that of its surroundings.

An English Superstition.

According to an ancient bit of Sussex folklore, when a bride returns home from church her single friends at once roll her of all the pins in her dress under the impression that every maiden who is lucky enough to possess one will be married during the course of a year.—London Express.

Sometimes vegetable growth is very rapid. The common mushroom attains its full size in less than twenty-four hours.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

THE STANDARD YARD.

That In Use In Great Britain and the United States.

The yard is the English and American standard of length. Down to 1824 the original standard of Britain, from which ours was copied, was a rod, which had been deposited in the court of exchequer, London, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. In those days all measures intended for general use were taken to the court of exchequer to be examined by the proper officer. That official took the proposed measure and placed it parallel with the standard and if found correct placed certain marks of identification upon it. By an act of parliament in 1824 the old Elizabethan standard was superseded by another, which had been constructed under the directions of the Royal society sixty-four years previous. This act provided that "the straight line of distance between the centers of two points in the gold studs in the brass rod now in the custody of the clerk of the house of commons shall be the genuine standard of the yard measure in Great Britain." The act further provided that the measurements of the rod must be made when the temperature of the brass was at 62 degrees F.

The standard was destroyed by fire in 1834, and the commission appointed to replace it made the yard measure now in use. The new standard was deposited in the house of parliament in 1855, and authenticated copies of it are in the possession of our government officials at Washington.

THE DEAD SEA.

Work of the Salt Divers in This Desolate Waste.

The awful desolation of the Dead sea, which lies nearly 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, is broken here and there by the salt divers, whose work is probably as ancient as the human race itself.

From remotest antiquity the salt of the Dead sea has been collected and taken to the Jerusalem market, where it is used for curing hides and for domestic purposes. Dead sea water contains over 25 per cent of solid substances, of which 7 per cent is chloride of sodium, or common salt.

The Dead sea contains no living creature. Sea fish put into its waters speedily die. Not a single boat navigates its strange waters, nor is there any sign of life, save the isolated parties of salt divers, who scrape and slowly amass their glistening heaps of crystal near the mouth of the Jordan.

When a sufficient cargo is made ready a long string of camels crosses the desert, and the salt is loaded up into panniers, or "shwerries," and taken into Jerusalem, where it finds a ready market.

Salt, as is well known, has been used as currency from time immemorial, just as bricks of tea are used today in central Asia, especially in the borderland of China and Siberia.—Technical World Magazine.

ARTIFICIAL BALDNESS.

The Ancient and Strange Custom of Shaving the Head.

A historical inquiry into the origin of the custom of shaving the head, which is practiced in several countries, would be interesting.

It was not until the fifth century that in Europe priests began to shave their crowns. The Roman clergy then adopted the circular method and shaved that small round spot on the top of the head which is known as the tonsure. In Scotland, however, the monks shaved the whole of the fore part of the head from ear to ear.

In the Andaman islands every man shaves his head, or, rather, gets his wife to shave it for him. Many other orientals also are baldheaded.

As for the Chinaman, his method of shaving is exactly opposite to that of the Roman monk. He shaves all but a round patch, the hair of which grows long and forms the pigtail.

When the difficulty of shaving the head is considered the true strangeness of the custom becomes doubly apparent. It is hard to see the advantage of it, yet in some form or another and at one time or other it has been practiced in nearly every country.

Court Shorthand Reporters.

A correspondent of the London Times writes of elephant hunting in Africa: "The most deadly method of killing elephants, and that most frequently employed by the natives of east Africa, is the pit, sufficiently deep—roughly twenty feet—long and wide, to engulf and hold an elephant. After a period of frantic struggling, hunger and exhaustion the wretched animal is done to death by native spears. If the size and powers of the animal are remembered it is difficult to imagine a more revolting, brutal pleasure of torture, but this is the common practice of the natives of the country and is being enacted daily throughout British territory."

Unlucky.

There is an ancient jest in Paris which originated with a waiter. A guest had ordered a dozen oysters.

"Only one dozen?" asked the waiter.

"Yes, that will be enough."

"You are not superstitious, then," said the waiter with a curious smile.

"Why?"

"Because you are not afraid of being thirteen at table."

Different Tellings.

The Doctor—You never can disguise the real thing. Culture will tell. The Professor—Yes, so will ignorance, but it generally uses more words in telling it.—Chicago Tribune.

The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time.—Jefferson.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts.
Cigars.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

BLOODLETTING.

It Is Still Resorted to by Doctors in Certain Cases.

Bloodletting, or "venesection," as it is known scientifically, was once the common remedy for nearly every form of ailment. [illegible] in the opinion of [illegible] medical authorities, and [illegible] there was a period [illegible] when venesection and bloodletting were almost synonymous. Better medicine and more accurate knowledge of what [illegible] to this [illegible] treatment, and reflection upon the wedge of physiology [illegible] the practice.

Venesection, however, is still employed in certain emergencies by the most advanced practitioners. A German physician has made an extensive study of the subject, with clinical experiments, and reaches the conclusion that in certain cases where the heart and lungs are [illegible] with blood venesection is impossible because of the speedy relief it gives, often after other resources have failed.

Deadly toxins are also present in the blood in some diseases, and venesection reduces them. The lost fluid is replaced with an injection of salt solution. Bloodletting affords relief to the living sufferer from a distended heart when every breath is a struggle, but its use has been reduced to an exact science, and it is regarded in medicine as a final resort for giving ease in a comparatively restricted group of ailments. The days when it was a cure-all, administered by the corner barber as well as every physician, have disappeared into the past.—New York Press.

Puzzle the Puzzles.

He—It's impossible for any one to understand you women. You're all puzzles. She—Which proves that you men are all stubborn. He—Why? She—Simply won't give us up.—Philadelphia Press.

It takes a wise man to discover a wise man.—Diogenes.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—T. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Brosius, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chonie, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Grimshs, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Beylin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jas. McKean, A. A. Abdey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, B. C. Gordon.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Norton, sec'y; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. U. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—U. C. Chorte, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Ivde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 418, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 289, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. MOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 289, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

G. H. BARNUM, Scribe.

R. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 247, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. M. CHONIE, Adjutant. H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PRINCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keye Hall.

E. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 43, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MRS. MOLLIE E. PRINCE, Com.
LILLIE F. HOUSE, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 75, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 2 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. Church prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 3 p. m. on [illegible] from Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. [illegible] Church.—Rev. [illegible] Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 3:30 p. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12:0 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD.
Time Table—Taking effect Jan. 1, 1905.
TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.
For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:10 a m week days.
For Larabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 4:08 p m week days.
W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

KUSHEQUA ROUTE
Trains Leave Smethport at
7:40 a m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K, and Punxsutawney via B & P
9:25 a m for Bradford via B & P
11:25 a m for Bradford via B P & K, and Pittsburg via B R & P
2:05 p m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K and Buffalo B & P
4:40 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & P and DuBois via B & P
5:47 p m for Bradford via B R & P
Trains arrive at Smethport at
9:45 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a m from DuBois.
12:45 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
2:35 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg
5:35 p m from Bradford.
8:45 p m from Punxsutawney and Kane.
C. H. G. EASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.
Time Table in Effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.
Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:40 a. m., 12:00 n. m. and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:20		6:45
Mt. Jewett	8:45	1:55	6:15
Kane	8:25	2:55	6:55
Leave	**a. m.**	**p. m.**	**p. m.**
Bradford	7:00		4:25
Kane	7:00	10:15	4:30
Mt. Jewett	7:39	11:20	5:06
		a. m.	

Arriving at Smethport at 8:50 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.
Connections at Bradford with Erie, B., R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.
A. B. CAMPBELL, Genl. Supt. R. B. BELLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt. Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern
Effective Nov. 28, 1905
MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
6:25	8:10		Hornellsville	A 9:30	5:50	
6:30	8:25		Arkport		5:45	
			Berne			
6:47	8:50		Hornellsville Jc		5:14	5:37
6:54	8:42		Canisteo		5:07	5:30
6:59	8:46		Greenwoods		5:02	5:25
7:10	8:59		Swains		4:48	5:18
7:29	9:17		Birdsall		4:29	4:57
7:58	9:35		Angelica		4:00	4:28
8:22	10:2		Friendship		3:37	4:05
8:54	10:45		Bolivar	L	3:05	3:23
5:40		11:36	Olean		2:32	10:23
6:27			Eldred			9:36
6:50			Larabee			9:26
7:15			Smethport			9:00
8:00			Mt. Jewett			8:12
9:50		L7:23	St. Marys		A 4:50	L 6:20
		10:07	Shawmut		2:11	
		A 10:42	Brockwayville		L 1:36	

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	P M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M
8:50	11:00	7:10	Wayland	A 10:35	3:02	6:58
8:36	11:06	7 25	Perkinsville	10:20	2:56	6:52
8:43	11:13	7:32	Rogersville	10:22	2:49	6:45
8:47	11:17	7:36	Stony Brook Glen	10:18	2:45	6:41
4:00	11:30	7:49	Hornellsville Jc	10:06	2:33	6:29
			Berne			
4:11	11:41	7:59	Arkport		2:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:09	Hornellsville	L 9:41	2:10	6:06
P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.
L—leave; A—arrive; f—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.
A. M. LANE, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

QUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY
Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastern			STATIONS.	L'v Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar.	Dp	A.M.	P.M.
8.05	7.05	5.10	Ulysses	7.20	4.25	9.10
7.50	6.52	5.12	Cowell	7.27	4.32	9.12
7.45	6	5.17	Carpenter	6	4.36	9.
7.40	6.48	5.22	Perkins	7.32	4.37	9.22
7.37	6.45	5.25	Ross Run Jct.	7.37	4.42	9.25
7.30	6	5.30	Newell	7.41	4.46	9
7.25	6.36	5.41	Gold	7.44	4.49	9.37
7.20	6.30	5.55	Raymond	7.50	4.55	9.47
6.45	6.05	6.04	Seven Bdg's	8.05	5.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	6.09	Calesburg	8.04	5.09	10.10
6.35	6.10	6.12	Franks	8.12	5.17	10.00
6.28	6	6.23	N. Cowlpt	6	5.26	10.23
6.10	6.05	6.30	Dp.	Ar. 8.25	5.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Condersport.			P.M.
6.00	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp. 8.28	6.00	1.00
5	5	12.15	Hempstead	6	5	5
5.45	7.26	12.00	Olmsted	8.25	5.25	1.37
5.38	7.25	12.05	Mina	8.27	5.16	1.37
5.45	6	11.50	Knowlton	6	5.17	6
5.40	7.15	11.33	Roulette	8.47	5.36	1.51
5.30	7.10	11.27	Barrville	8.54	5.46	2.01
5.25	6	11.21	Colesburg	6	5.54	6
5.00	6	6	Chas. Wms	6	6	6
4.55	7.05	11.15	Pt. Allegany	9.05	6.00	2.15
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp.	Ar.	A.M.	P.M.

f—Trains do not stop.
Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.
Trains run on eastern standard time.
E. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE
NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.
Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.
The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.
The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.
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The regular subscription price of the

When Sister Hannah Came

By C. B. LEWIS

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Miss Dorothy Spencer, spinster and forty years old, lived in the outskirts of the village of Grafton. She kept a servant and a cow, had a cat and lived in a comfortable way on her income. She was neither homely nor good looking. She had a widowed sister living in Iowa, and one day that sister arrived on a visit. Her name was Hannah, and, like most other widows, she was full of business. There were things she wanted to know about almost before she had taken her bonnet off, and there was one thing in particular that she lost no time in bringing forward.

"Now, then," she said as she got seated in the big rocking chair, "I want to know why you haven't married. It's

HE SAT AND TALKED OF CHICKEN POX AND MEASLES.

nothing less than a burning shame that you have lived to your age without catching a husband."

"I—I have it given asked," was the embarrassed reply of the sister.

"But why not?"

"I—I don't know."

"Then we'll find out. Haven't you kept company with any one?"

"Y-e-s."

"For how long?"

"Then let's not talk about it, sister. Were the Perkins family well when you left home?"

"Never you mind the Perkins family, but pay attention to this other matter. What's the name of the man you've been keeping company with?"

"It's Henry Goodheart. I don't know whether you'd call it keeping company or not. He comes Sunday and Wednesday evenings and talks for awhile."

"Twice a week, eh? And how long has he kept this up?"

"N-nine years."

"Dorothy Spencer!" exclaimed Sister Hannah, as she almost sprang out of her chair. "Do you mean to tell me that a man has been dawdling around here for nine years and never said a word about marriage?"

"But he's one of the most bashful men you ever saw," protested Dorothy, "and I—I"—

"You are going to say you couldn't ask him to marry you. Of course you couldn't, but you could have brought him to time years ago."

"He's a very nice man, and everybody thinks so. I guess he thinks I don't want to get married to any one."

"What business has he to think that? Of course you want to get married. Every woman does. All widows and single women are just dying to be asked. Nine long years, and he has not asked for your hand! I thought there was a nigger in the fence somewhere and have come on to see about it. I have been married three times in eighteen years, and I'm expecting the fourth man to come along any day. I didn't keep company with any of my husbands over six months. After that time had passed I just wanted to know what they were hanging around for. Dorothy, something has got to be done. That Goodheart or Goodliver or whatever his name is has got to come to time."

"Please, Sister Hannah. If you should go to mixing in I'd be so ashamed that I'd feel like running away."

"You leave it to me and don't worry. I'm older than you are. I've had three husbands and know how I got 'em. They were all bashful men. I shan't do anything to shame you."

It was a conspiracy of one. Neither Dorothy nor Mr. Goodheart was taken into the widow's confidence. She had been in the house three days when Sunday evening came, and he showed up on his biweekly tour. The widow liked him. He was slow, but sturdy and honest. He didn't look or talk love. He talked more of sunflowers and onions than he did of love. Dorothy was ill at ease, as she did not know what was coming, and her heart beat like a triphammer as the widow finally said:

"Mr. Goodheart, I think I shall take Dorothy back to Iowa with me when I go."

He gave a start of alarm, and the red came to his face. He made no reply, however, and soon took his departure.

"How could you!" exclaimed Dorothy, with a glance of reproach as the gate was heard to latch behind the man.

"I wanted to jar him," replied the widow. "He'll be over here within a day or two and ask you to make him happy."

"But it will look as if we were dragging him in by the hair of the head."

"Never you mind the looks. The great object is to get married."

Mr. Goodheart didn't show up till his usual Wednesday evening, however. About the time he was expected the widow was at the gate to meet him. When they had saluted each other she said:

"Mr. Goodheart, I want to ask you a question in confidence."

"Yes?"

"I understand that a sewing machine agent who comes through these parts is very much smitten on Dorothy. Is his occupation an honorable one? Do you think him the man to love and care for her? As her elder sister I feel like a guardian toward her."

Mr. Goodheart gave a start, and his hand on the gate trembled. He had to wait a minute before he could trust his voice, and then he answered that he didn't go much on sewing machine agents. The widow sighed and said it was a cold world, and the two went into the house together. Her object had been to arouse the spark of jealousy, but after the man had stayed his usual hour and departed she could not tell whether it was a success or not. He had talked about as usual.

"Did you say anything to him out at the gate?" asked Dorothy.

"None of your business whether I did or not. He's the woodenest man in four states, but I'll bring him to the mark. He has either got to show his hand or dust along and make room for somebody else. I imagine he'll be around tomorrow night."

"It's awful, sister; positively awful," said Dorothy as the tears filled her eyes.

Mr. Goodheart did not make his appearance at the time expected. He was in no hurry to get up a feeling of jealousy. The widow was provoked. On Sunday evening she met him a quarter of a mile down the road and gave him more of her confidence. She confided to him the fact that Dorothy was one of the best housekeepers for a hundred miles around. She was also economical; also loving and clinging in her disposition. Mr. Goodheart agreed to all this, but during his hour he sat and talked of chicken pox and measles and went away as placid and serene as usual. The widow had no remarks to make, but she did a heap of thinking. She knew that Mr. Goodheart would be hoeing potatoes in a certain field next morning, and at 9 o'clock she went there. She didn't have any time to waste.

"Mr. Goodheart," she began, "at the time I spoke to you about the sewing machine man I didn't know that you and sister were engaged. You really must excuse me. When talking with you last night I did not know that the marriage day had been set for the 14th of next month. I congratulate you. You will have one of the best wives in the state. I shall stay to the wedding and tender you my heartiest wishes."

The man stammered and blushed and looked around for a way to escape. There was none. The widow had run him to earth.

"Yes, just so," was all he could say, but a month later he was on hand for the wedding.

"Here only two weeks, and yet see what I have done!" said Sister Hannah after the knot had been tied hard and fast. "I tell you, Dorothy, the way to get married is—to get married. I've tried it three times and ought to know."

Lincoln's Mental Powers.

Lincoln was always strong with a jury. He knew how to handle men, and he had a direct way of going to the heart of things. He had, moreover, unusual powers of mental discipline. It was after his return from congress, when he had long been acknowledged one of the foremost lawyers of the state, that he made up his mind he lacked the power of close and sustained reasoning and set himself like a schoolboy to study works of logic and mathematics to remedy the defect. At this time he committed to memory six books of the propositions of Euclid, and, as always, he was an eager reader on many subjects, striving in this way to make up for the lack of education he had had as a boy. He was always interested in mechanical principles and their workings and in May, 1849, patented a device for lifting vessels over shoals, which had evidently been dormant in his mind since the days of his early Mississippi river experiences. The little model of a boat, whittled out with his own hand, that he sent to the patent office when he filed his application is still shown to visitors, though the invention itself failed to bring about any change in steamboat architecture.—Helen Nicolay in St. Nicholas.

Antiquity of Soap.

Soap is not a modern invention. It is twice mentioned in the Bible, first in Jeremiah and again in Malachi. History tells us that more than 2,000 years ago the Gauls manufactured it by combining beech tree ashes with goat's fat. Some years ago a soap boiler's shop was discovered in Pompeii, having been buried beneath the terrible rain of ashes that fell upon that city in 79 A. D. The soap found in the shop had not lost all of its efficacy, although it had been buried 1,800 years. At the time that Pompeii was destroyed the soapmaking business was carried on in several of the Italian cities. Pliny the elder speaks of soap and says that because its price was so high many substitutes were used, among them a kind of glutinous earth and fine sand mixed in the juice of certain plants that made lather. As early as 700 A. D. there were many soap factories in both Italy and Spain, and about 750 A. D. the Phoenicians introduced the business into France, the first factories being established at Marseilles.

THE PLANET MERCURY.

Like Venus and For Like Cause, It Is Now a Dead World.

Mercury is a body devoid, practically if not absolutely, of air, of water and of vegetation. Consequently it is incapable of supporting any of those higher organisms which we know as living beings. Its surface is a vast desert. It is rough rather than smooth. Whether this roughness be due to mountains proper or to craters we are too far away from it to be able yet to say. The latter is the more probable. Over the greater part of its surface change, either diurnal or seasonal is unknown. Three-eighths of its surface is steeped in perpetual glare, three-eighths shrouded in perpetual gloom, while the remaining quarter slowly turns between the two. The planet itself, as a world, is dead.

Interesting as Mercury thus proves to be, the interest as regards the planet itself is of a relics corpselike character. Less deterrent perhaps is the interest it possesses as a part of the life history of the solar system, for tidal friction, the closing act in the cosmic drama, has brought it where it is. The machine has run down. Whether it ever supported life upon its surface or not, the power to do so has now forever passed away. Like Venus and for like cause, it is now a dead world. And it was the first thus to reach the end of its evolutionary career, earlier to do so than Venus, inasmuch as tidal action was very much greater upon it than on Venus and consequently produced its effect more quickly. Mercury has long been dead. How long, measured by centuries, we cannot say, but practically for a very long time. Venus must have become so comparatively recently. Both, however, now have finished their course and have in a most literal sense entered into their rest.

SEEING SICILY.

Not to Know This Island Is Not to Know Greece.

There are some lands which have always laid a spell upon the mind, upon the imagination, upon the heart. Greece, above all other countries, has entranced the mind. The imagination has ever loved the east—Egypt, the Indies, forgotten Asia, the almost as mysterious Asia of today. For most of us the home land is the country of the heart; for many, it may be, it is Palestine, where was lighted the fire at which the hearts of incredible millions are still warmed. Others are content to say with Emerson in the fine essay on "Heroism," "That country is the fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds." But, above all other lands, there is one which has at once impressed the mind, the imagination and the heart of western peoples. When a famous poet declared that on his heart would be found engraved the word Italy the words voiced the emotion of a multitude in every country of Europe and in the great northern continent overseas.

To see Sicily, the old "Garden of the Sun," as the poets have loved to call it, is not to see Italy, though there may be a measure of truth in Goethe's remark that not to know Sicily is not to know Italy. In a sense one might more truly say of Sicily that not to know it is not to know Greece. In another sense, however, we have in this most beautiful of islands the intensification of Italy. Whatever is most Italian is in evidence here, though it is Italian of the south and not of the north. What a gulf divides them is known only to those familiar with the whole peninsula.—William Sharp in Century.

"Bulls" Not Irish.

Those who are not Irishmen sometimes trespass on Irish property. A French cure, preaching about sudden death, said, "Thus it is with us—we go to bed well and get up stone dead!"

An old French lawyer writing of an estate he had just bought added, "There is a chapel upon it in which my wife and I wish to be buried, if God spares our lives."

A merchant who died suddenly left in his bureau a letter to one of his correspondents which he had not sealed. His clerk, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom, "Since writing the above I have died."

A Sentiment and an Autograph.

A certain young lady, so the story runs, wrote to F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, requesting that he send her a bit of sentiment and his autograph. The reply was:

Dear Miss A.—When you request a favor that is of interest only to yourself, please inclose a two cent stamp. There's your sentiment, and here's your autograph. F. MARION CRAWFORD.

—Collier's Weekly.

A Simple Precaution.

Landlady (of country inn on the eve of a popular holiday to her daughter, who is kneading the dough for a cake)—Resei, you'd better put a couple of eggs and a bit of butter into the cake. It looks as if we were going to have a storm, and if the townsfolk don't stir out tomorrow we shall have to eat it ourselves.—From the German.

Language.

Language is a solemn thing. It grows out of life—out of its agonies and ecstasies, its wiuds and its weariness. Every language is a temple in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined.—O. W. Holmes.

Feminine Finesse.

Duffer—My wife got a fiver out of me today with one happy remark. Puffer—Let's have it. Duffer—She told our boy Willie that she was his nearest relative, but that I was his closest.—Indianapolis Star.

Every day is a new life, every sunrise but a new birth.—Jordon.

THE TIME OF HER LIFE

By CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

Copyright, 1906, by K. A. Whitehead

One morning, when Billy and I were lingering over our rolls and coffee, Betty came in with a tragic air and an open letter in her hand.

"Listen to this!" she exclaimed. "Eleanor Cuyler is coming to New York to visit her aunt, and she says she simply must see us because she's always wanted to visit the 'shores of Bohemia!'"

"The shores of what?" said Billy. "I'm sure there's nothing Bohemian about us."

"That's just it," wailed Betty. "But Miss Cuyler doesn't see it that way. She's dippy about people who do things, and she says she never met any, so she begs that she may come to dinner some night, quite informally, and be one of us. She thinks that because Kate writes and you're an artist and we all live in a little flat—I mean apartment—we are—well, we are queer and unconventional."

"Who is this Eleanor Cuyler?" said Billy, with a frown.

"She's a Philadelphia girl Kate and I met when we were in the mountains last summer. She was awfully nice to us in ever so many ways, and now it's our turn to do something for her. It's no use suggesting the matinee or a luncheon. Eleanor's rich as Croesus and tired of all that, and there's nothing else we can afford. Oh, I don't see what we're going to do!" And Betty puckered her brows in despair.

"Do," cried Billy. "Why, it's as plain as day. Satisfy her craving for the unconventional. If we're not Bohemians, we can at least put up a good imitation of the real thing. We can ask the Englishman, Harry Rockminster—he'll add a continental flavor. And there's Perry Dashwood; he can sing such songs better than any one I ever knew. We'll get Cynthia to come and recite, and Worthington to bring his violin. They can pretend they're professionals. Cynthia will be an actress just starting on her career, and Worthington a struggling musician—struggling is the right touch, isn't it? And—let's see—this is Monday. Write and invite Miss Cuyler for Wednesday evening. Bohemians aren't supposed to give much notice when they ask people to their parties." And Billy looked over at me and laughed.

While Betty was jubilantly writing her note I went to explain things to Aunt Pattie. Aunt Pattie has mothered us ever since we were children, and nothing we do ever surprises her, so she fell in with our plan at once. "But I couldn't be a Bohemian if I tried," she declared. "I wouldn't know how to act, and I'd make you all miserable and myself too. You can easily excuse my absence."

"But you'll miss all the fun," I objected.

Aunt Pattie's eyes twinkled. "Oh, I mean to be there!" she cried. "Since we have no maid I'm going to serve the dinner myself."

In vain we all protested, coaxed, commanded. Aunt Pattie was firm in insisting that as Miss Cuyler had never seen her it could make no possible difference. Yet somehow it did to me, for I could imagine with what horror my Englishman might look on such proceedings. Even after I had written to him and explained the circumstances I was tormented by misgivings, for, although he didn't know it, his good opinion mattered more to me than anything else in the world!

All Wednesday Betty and I worked like majors. We had always rather prided ourselves on the artistic arrangement of our little parlor. Now, in order to make it look Bohemian, we had banked it with all the bizarre and startling things we could lay our hands on. Billy's delicate water color sketches were jostled by flamboyant posters, theatrical photographs adorned the mantel, and sundry pipes and ash trays littered the table. It certainly looked queer; but, as Betty and I confessed to ourselves, we didn't. Betty was demure in a gray gown, and I wore my black net. I was just fastening one of Harry Rockmuister's roses in my hair when the bell rang.

"There she is!" cried Betty hysterically. "Now, don't act as if anything unusual were happening!"

Eleanor Cuyler was enthusiastic in her greeting, and she was still telling of her joy in seeing us when we crossed the threshold of the parlor. At sight of the room she smothered a little gasp, which showed that our work had not been in vain. Then Billy came forward, and the loose blouse and soft tie which he wore for the occasion made him look as if he had stepped straight out of the Latin quarter. But Miss Cuyler wasn't any more surprised at his appearance than he was at hers. Somehow neither Betty nor I had told him what a beauty Miss Cuyler was—a dainty little brunette with a fluff of golden hair and deep blue eyes that opened very wide when anything astonished her.

Perry Dashwood and Harry Rockminster came early, but there wasn't a sign of Cynthia and Worthington.

"They're half an hour late already," said Betty to me in an aside. "What on earth can be keeping them? I'm afraid the dinner will be spoiled."

Something of our uneasiness reached Billy, and he turned abruptly to Betty. "I really think we'd better not wait for the others," he said. "They may be quite late. You never can tell what may happen on the shores of Bohemia."

But we were hardly seated before we heard the turn of Worthington's latchkey and the swish of Cynthia's skirt down the hall. She made a dramatic pause at the dining room door and looked perfectly dazzling in a crimson Spanish costume, glittering with spangles.

"I hope you won't mind my coming in costume," she said. "We were kept late at rehearsal, and there wasn't time to change. I met Worthington on the stairs," she continued nonchalantly. "He'll be in in a moment. He's a musician, Miss Cuyler, and you know what uncertain hours musicians are forced to keep, especially when they are young and struggling."

Cynthia moved toward her chair with sinuous grace. She said afterward that the Spanish costume had entered into her blood, and she wasn't responsible for anything she did. Neither was Worthington, for he wore a peculiar, shabby black coat and carried his violin under his arm. But his crowning glory was his hair, or perhaps I should say his wig, which was very long and straight.

"The Music Master, by Jove!" ejaculated Harry Rockminster.

Yet not once did a triumphant gleam illumine the eyes of Signor Worthington. To this day I've always wondered how he managed to keep that dreamy, abstracted expression. Of course I knew I could count on Cynthia and Worthington, but I never knew I could count on them to such an extent as that. Eleanor Cuyler was delighted. She looked at them and listened to them in open eyed wonder as if they were beings from another world. And all my fears of what Harry Rockminster would think were set at rest when he whispered, "I say, isn't this a stunning lark!"

And now if Aunt Pattie didn't set too much like a lady our Bohemian dinner would be a complete success, but one false note would ruin everything. I toyed with the grape fruit as long as possible. Then I rang the bell. As I did so I kept my eyes fixed on Billy. He sat opposite the kitchen door and would be the first to see Aunt Pattie. The kitchen door creaked, swung open, and the expression on Billy's face signaled me that something had happened.

"Aunty," he burst out and then checked himself.

From behind me came a soft voice with the pleasant slurred accent of the south. "I reckon yo's 'spised to see me, Mars' Billy. Yo' didn't know I was to cook de dinnah, did yo'?"

I turned and beheld Aunt Pattie! And yet not Aunt Pattie. For the face that beamed from beneath a bandanna turban was as black as the ace of spades!

To Miss Cuyler this apparition was nothing more than a loquacious dusky servant, but the rest of us were in ecstasies of mirth. We have vowed ever since that we owed the whole success of the evening to Aunt Pattie, for not only was the dinner deliciously cooked and splendidly served, but it went with a whirl. Harry Rockminster was never more brilliant in his life and told stories of marvelous escapades in which he had taken part. Cynthia recited "Lasca" with true dramatic fervor. Between courses Worthington played snatches on his violin, and we all sang songs—songs for which Perry made up funny impromptu choruses. The men smoked, and through the blue haze shone the radiant face of Miss Cuyler.

When dinner was over she leaned back in her chair with a little sigh. "It's just as I fancied Bohemia would be," she declared. "Oh, what fun you all must have gathering round the table this way every evening. Of course it's just a common occurrence to you, but I shall never forget it. Never! And I can't thank you enough for this glimpse of it."

Billy said she thanked him fervently again when he saw her to her carriage. "I've had the time of my life," she reiterated, "the time of my life!"

"Well, she wasn't the only one," said Worthington. He had taken off his wig and was mopping his brow while the rest of us sat about the dining room table nibbling at the remains of dessert and teasing Aunt Pattie to have something more substantial than lobster salad and a cup of coffee.

"Miss Cuyler did seem to appreciate it," said Cynthia.

"Appreciate!" cried Billy. "I think it's we who ought to appreciate her coming! Why, just to look at her is a feast! She has exactly the kind of eyes I want for my 'Queen Titania.'"

"Why don't you ask her to pose for it, then?" suggested Cynthia slyly.

"I have asked," answered Billy quite simply, "and we are going to begin tomorrow."

"Whiff!" sniffed Betty. "I smell orange blossoms!" And under cover of the laughter Harry turned to me.

"Miss Cuyler's had the time of her life, Billy's had the time of his, and there's just one thing wanting to give me the time of mine." His lips were smiling, but there was no mistaking the look in his eyes.

"I'd hate to spoil your evening by saying 'No,'" I whispered back. And then, although I was so happy, I had an absurd desire to cry, and if Billy hadn't suddenly interrupted with a toast to the shores of Bohemia goodness knows what might have happened!

Trout's Narrow Escape.

A correspondent of the London Field relates that he shot a flying heron that had been fishing in the river Colne at Uxbridge, and as the bird fell there dropped out of its mouth a trout nearly one-half pound in weight. The fish was alive, though scored on the back. A keeper procured a live bait can, filled it with water and put the trout into it. After a minute or so the fish gained strength. In a few hours it seemed quite resuscitated and apparently none the worse for its narrow escape from death. It was accordingly returned to the river to recover itself fully.

SUPERFICIAL SENTIMENT.

Secret of Power Lies in Intensity of Emotion.

Superficial sentiment is without vital influence. The secret of power lies in the intensity of emotion, but especially so in poetry, art and literature. By no hocus pocus can artists and writers adequately depict what they do not feel. There should be a thermometer of temperament as well as for temperature. Feeling and emotion have their degrees. We are serene when our feelings are in the temperate zone, indignant when we pass eighty-three, furious when we reach blood heat, mad at boiling point. When feeling falls below 50 we become indifferent, and when it reaches freezing point we are heartless. An emotion that does not attain the seventy-sixth degree is hardly worth recording. At summer heat the rarest flowers begin to bloom and nature becomes poetic. While the temperate is the proper sphere for pure reason and scientific observation, it is rarely, if ever, proper for the highest achievement in any art. In the world of art imagination and feeling are not content with a serenity that touches the borders of indifference. The creative instinct is never effective unless at a certain pitch of enthusiasm. It is the sharp, clear, brilliant current of thought that electrifies the brain. But an idea is worthless unless we can find a form to hold it. In the best work idea, form and feeling appear to the beholder as one. An electric bolt seems a cold thing, yet a stroke of lightning will consume more at one flash than an ordinary fire would consume in an hour.—Francis Grierson in Critic.

GETTING THE NEWS.

Method Adopted at the Outbreak of the Revolutionary War.

In contrast to the workings of the newspaper of the day and of the rapid transmission of tidings without the aid of even a wire to guide the message is a document printed in the Berkshire Courier at the beginning of the Revolutionary war. But evidently people were as eager then as now to hear the news.

"For the Purpose of getting Speedy and Certain Intelligence from the Army at Boston. We the Subscribers hereby promise and agree to Ride from this town to Tyringham or Sheffield by Turns so as to bring Intelligence from thence each Day (the Sabbath excepted) and to Report the same at the House of Mr. Josiah Smith—And in Case no regular method is come into for bringing the News to said Tyringham we promise to bear our proportionable part of the Expense in procuring Intelligence from Springfield twice in each Week—Witness our hands this 3rd Day of May 1775."

Following this agreement is a list of days, with the names of the citizens who were to be riders. Jacob Van Deusen, who agreed to be the first man to ride to Tyringham or Sheffield, was to go for it on Monday, May 8, and Mark Hopkins was to follow on Wednesday, the service from that time on alternating, except as to the Sabbath, which compelled a no news interval of two days in the week.

SPEED OF INSECTS.

A Common House Fly Travels a Mile in Thirty-three Seconds.

It is the popular belief that the flight of the birds is much swifter than that of the insects, but a number of naturalists who have been making a study of the matter think that such is not the case.

A common house fly, for example, is not very rapid in its flight, but its wings make 800 beats a second and send it through the air twenty-five feet, under ordinary circumstances, in that space of time. When the insect is alarmed, however, it has been found that it can increase its rate of speed by over 180 feet per second. If it could continue such rapid flight for a mile in a straight line, it would cover that distance in exactly thirty-three seconds.

It is not an uncommon thing when traveling by rail in the summer time to see a bee or wasp keeping up with the train and trying to get in at one of the windows. A swallow is considered one of the swiftest of flying birds, and it was formerly thought that no insect could escape it.

A naturalist, however, told of an exciting chase he saw between a swallow and a dragon fly, which is among the swiftest of insects. The insect flew with incredible speed and wheeled and dodged with such ease that the swallow, despite its utmost efforts, completely failed to overtake it.

The Water Pitcher.

The following simple method of keeping ice water in a common pitcher is worth knowing: Put a layer of cotton batting between two sheets of wrapping paper three inches higher than the pitcher. Fasten the ends of the paper and batting together, forming a circle. Paste a cover over one end of the batting and paper. This cover, when over a pitcher, must come close to the stand and so exclude the air, and ice will keep a long time. This paper cover will be found of great service in a sickroom for both milk and water pitchers.

Devotion.

That was a remarkable instance of devotion to which an Italian journal referred some time ago, wherein a husband on hearing that his wife looked her best in mourning committed suicide that she might have an opportunity to wear it.—London Queen.

Sarcastic.

Young Doctor—He seems to have every confidence in my ability to save him. Old Doctor—Is he delirious on other subjects also?—Judge.

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STATE ANTITOXIN SAVES MANY LIVES

Health Commissioner Dixon's Free Distribution of Antitoxin Greatly Reduces Death Rate Among Poor In Pennsylvania.

EARLY USE OF SERUM URGED

Dr. Dixon Points Out the Increased Benefit of Using Antitoxin As Soon As Possible After the Onset of the Disease — Use Liberally For Immunizing.

The free distribution of Diphtheria Antitoxin inaugurated by Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, Commissioner of the new State Department of Health, is already showing a splendid saving of precious lives. Out of the total number of cases reported to the Department of Health in January in which the free Antitoxin was administered there were so few deaths as to bring the death rate down to 8.8 per cent. This was a reduction of over 5 per cent. from the December figures. This low death rate as shown by the January records means that instead of about 42 lives being lost out of every hundred cases of Diphtheria, as would be found where Antitoxin is not used, the disease was able to claim only about nine victims. It means that instead of 420 deaths out of every 1,000 cases of Diphtheria, the death rate is brought down by the free distribution of Antitoxin to 88.

Health Commissioner Dixon feels confident that as the custom of free distribution of Antitoxin becomes more thoroughly established and the physicians of the State use the serum more promptly after the onset of the disease and in more liberal doses, the death rate will go far lower.

From city, town and country village all over the big State of Pennsylvania the physicians are sending in their reports that tell the story of little children stricken down by Diphtheria, and then of the arrest of the dread disease by the administering of the wonderful prophylactic—Antitoxin. Dread disease need hardly be called any longer, for the hand of death that was formerly thought to have the little child surely in its grasp, the moment that Diphtheria was diagonsed, has now lost its power.

At the time that the State Department of Health is supplying Antitoxin for curative purposes, it is also furnishing the serum for immunizing. When the family physician is called into the humble home and reads upon the child's throat the signs that to his practiced eye mean Diphtheria, he knows also that the little brothers and sisters of the sick child have by this time probably been exposed to the disease and may be stricken down at any moment. No need for him to wait and see if any of these other children develop the symptoms of the disease. He may immediately secure from the State's free distributing depots sufficient Antitoxin to immunize every one of the little ones, and the older members of the household, too, who have been exposed to the infection.

It is now the aim of the Health Commissioner to impress upon the physicians of the State the great importance of administering the Antitoxin in curative doses as soon as possible after the onset of the disease, and the immunizing doses as soon as it is known that other children of the house have been in any way exposed to the disease. The importance of this early use is shown very clearly in the clinical reports that the State Department of Health receives in cases where the free Antitoxin has been used. The January records show in more than one case that if the Antitoxin had been administered earlier, and in some cases more liberally, a life might have been saved.

Dr. Dixon greatly appreciates the cooperation he is getting from his fellow physicians throughout the state in securing to the people the full benefits of the free distribution of Diphtheria Antitoxin. On their part the physicians are daily telling of the benefits experienced by them in their practices.

Dr. S. F. McDonald, of Lawrence county, writes to the commissioner: "I am enclosing clinical report of the household of diphtheria treated with the department Antitoxin. The results were very gratifying. I feel that the furnishing of such for the poor is a boon to scientific medicine, a great aid to the physicians of the state, and a very much needed charity to the poor."

"It was a matter of life or death with his patients," writes Distributor Houck, of Shenandoah, in telling of the rush of a physician to his depot for the purpose of securing a package of State's Antitoxin.

"I am sure the Antitoxin has saved the life of the patient," writes Dr. N. Ziegenfuss, of South Bethlehem, on the bottom of one of his clinical reports received by the commissioner.

Dr. J. B. Tweedle, of Carbon county, tells of being called into a household where six children were down with diphtheria and adds on his report "the children all recovered and are doing well."

"Let me express my opinion that this is a Godsend for the poor. The parents of my patients send thanks to you and all connected," is the testimony of Dr. George H. Tibbins, of Wyoming county, to the value of the state's free Antitoxin.

At the 500 different points throughout the state where Health Commissioner Dixon has established a depot of distribution, there is kept a supply of fresh Antitoxin that can be drawn upon immediately by the physician whenever he has a case of diphtheria in a family that cannot afford to bear the expense of the serum. The system of keeping these depots supplied so that no valuable time may be lost in administering the Antitoxin, has been carefully worked out by the Department of Health, and the commissioner pays his trip to the excellent manner in which the distributors have taken hold of their work and the conscientious care they are showing in keeping their records of the amounts distributed.

CHARING CROSS.

History of This Ancient Landmark of London.

In reading English history you will happen across numerous references to Charing Cross, but the chances are you will wonder if the allusion is to a real cross erected as a memorial or simply a crossroad. Charing Cross was formerly one of the noted landmarks of Britain, and its history is as follows: In November of the year 1291 "Good Queen Eleanor," as she was termed by her loyal subjects, was called to join her husband, who was then making an expedition into Scotland. When Eleanor had got as far on her way as Grantham she sickened and died.

The remains must of course, be buried at Westminster, and the funeral cortege started in that direction.

During the time this royal funeral procession was slowly winding its weary way toward the capital thousands of people flocked to the wayside to get a glimpse of it. It was a great event in the history of the rural districts, and they did everything possible to make the solemn occasion a memorable one. Wherever the procession halted for the night or for other cause the people afterward set up a memorial. One of the longest stops was made at Charing, and subsequently a richly carved memorial cross was erected on the site of the camp. This was the Charing Cross of history. It stood until 1647, when the last vestige of it was destroyed during the civil wars of Charles I., the vandals who destroyed the relic claiming it to be a monument of popish superstition. Charing Cross as seen today was erected by the Southern Railway company in the year 1865.

A SHIP WORTH TAKING.

What the Capture of the San Philipe Meant to England.

On the 9th of June, 1587, Drake, coming back from "singeing the king of Spain's beard in Cadiz," fell in with a huge vessel, which he captured. She proved to be the San Philipe, an East Indiaman owned by the king of Spain himself and then the largest merchantman afloat.

Her cargo, valued at more than a million sterling of modern money, was in itself the most valuable ever captured, but there was something else even more valuable than the cargo. This consisted of the ship's papers and accounts, which disclosed to the merchant adventurers of England all the methods and mysteries and the boundless possibilities of the East India trade.

Indeed, it would hardly be stretching the facts to say that the morning which saw the capture of the San Philipe saw also the dawn of our Indian empire. The immediate result was the formation of the East India company, which was not only the greatest commercial corporation the world had ever seen, but also the only one that ever commanded its own armies and fleets and wielded powers little less than imperial.—London Spectator.

The Early Astronomers.

The early astronomers were all astrologers and claimed to be able to predict the future careers of various individuals by "casting horoscopes" showing the position of the planets at the time of their birth. The position and movements of the various celestial bodies were not only supposed to control the destinies of men, but were also thought to bring weal or woe, tempest or sunshine, upon the earth itself. A man born when the sun was in the constellation of Scorpio was believed to be naturally bent toward excessive indulgence of the animal passions. One born when the sun was in Pisces was predestined to grovel or be a servant, while one whose earthly career was opened when the great luminary was in Aries would be a great scholar and a man known to the world despite all opposing influences.

Trinidad's Asphalt Lake.

The famous asphalt lake of Trinidad looks like a great black swamp surrounded with a fringe of cocoanut palms. A little railway runs across it, and men stand in it working, some on asphalt firm enough to support them, some on asphalt in which they keep sinking down an inch or two a minute, some on asphalt so soft it is like quicksand. The stuff looks like a cross between black mud and pitch. The lake is 110 acres in size, and its depth is tremendous. The thick asphalt, mixed with water, moves a little, and now and then an old tree comes slowly up from the depths. The men work with pickaxes, digging out the asphalt in lumps the size of pumpkins.

Ropemaking 2,000 Years B. C.

The name of the first ropemaker and that of the land in which he practiced his art have both been lost to history. Before the beginning of the historical period considerable skill had been acquired in that line. Egyptian sculptures prove that the art was practiced at least 2,000 years before the time of Christ.

Worse Than Broken.

The American Tourist—I suppose I speak broken French, eh, Henri? The Waiter—Not eggsactly, m'sieur. You haf a word describes it bettaire—let me see—ah, yes—it is pulverized.—Puck.

The Mean Man!

The late Max O'Rell gave this advice to bachelors: "Marry a woman smaller than yourself." Many a man couldn't find one.—Milwaukee Journal.

Feminine Esteem.

When women like each other, they kiss; when they love, they do one another's hair.—Lady Evans in London Mail.

Why He Was Elected.

A manufacturer in the north of England expected to be lowered at the polls by his own employees, with whom he was extremely unpopular. To his surprise he was returned. His puzzled agent sought for an explanation. "How is it," he asked one of the workmen, "you voted for your master when you all have such a bad opinion of him?" "Well, you see, mon, we voted for 'm so he cud put hisself away in parliament in London. We don't want 'im 'ere!"

Eye Photographs.

An image impressed upon the retina of the eye remains there an appreciable time. This is the reason why a torch swung rapidly seems to be a circular flame. The sensibility of the retina is indifferent at different times of the day. Every one has noticed how on waking in the morning and looking at the bright window, then closing the eyes, he will observe an impression or phantom of the window for an appreciable time after his eyes are closed.

$74.80 to California and Return

Via Nickel Plate Road. Tickets on sale from Buffalo to San Francisco and Los Angeles at this very low rate April 24th to May 4th. Good return limit and stop-over privileges. Before arranging for your trip, write R. E. Payne, General agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

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All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

A "Printzess" Suit? Yes it came from Lindholm's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The dealer can tell you the merits of these goods better than we can explain them in an advertisement.

It costs you nothing to see them at the following stores:

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Mr. Harry Knox of Beverly, W. Va., under date of Jan. 23, 1906, says he was laid up with rheumatism for more than two and a half months; part of the time could not get out of bed. Could not walk without the aid of crutches, and says he took one-half of a 50 cent bottle of Crocker's Rheumatic Cure and was entirely cured.

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Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

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The people like our Clothing and the way we sell it.

This business is run to satify the persons who patronized it; giving them the goods they most desire at prices within their means and disbursing treatment that made the individual feel at home here.

We want you to see special values that others offer as well as ours.

Investigate.

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BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

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Please examine the following list and see if there are not some goods on it that you would like for the Lenten season.

Mackerel, Boneless Codfish,
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Boneless Herring.

I have a nice variety of canned soups including Burnham's Clam Chowder. If entrusted with your orders I promise you the best possible service.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

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RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smosh and slam of the railroad business.

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Repairing a Specialty.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Of the Borough of Smethport for the Fiscal Year ending March 19th, 1906.

R. C. GLEASON, Collector, 1904 Duplicate.

Dr.		
To balance outstanding as per last audit	289 01	289 01
Cr.		
By exonerations allowed by Council	87 40	
By 6% added on above amt.	4 57	
By cash paid Treasurer Lemmler	196 04	
By 5% commission on real amount collected	9 80	289 01

Due R. C. Gleason on above overpaid $11.55

R. C. GLEASON, Collector, 1905 Duplicate.

Dr.		
To amount of duplicate	3917 35	
To additional assessment	18 90	
To 6% added on $880.50 (amt. unpaid taxes Jan. 1, 1906)	31 58	3967 83
Cr.		
By cash paid Treasurer Lemmler	3897 05	
By 5% commission allowed to taxpayers	140 50	
By 5% collector's commission on net tax collected ($2807.37)	53 35	
By 5% collector's commission on tax collected at par ($560.41)	26 48	
By balance of duplicate (1905) outstanding	601 85	3967 83

CHAS. LEMMLER, Treasurer, in account with Smethport Borough.

Dr.		
To balance as per last audit	946 27	
To cash from Coll. Gleason 1904 duplicate	122 86	
To cash from Burgess Chas. McKean dog tax	40 00	
To cash from Burgess Chas. McKean licenses and fines	134 00	
To cash from Co. Treasurer Weaver licenses and taxes	570 99	
To cash from St. Com'r. Newsidewalks	11 55	
To cash from Coll. Gleason 1905 duplicate	1937 45	
To cash from State Treasurer foreign insurance	68 18	
To cash from N.Y. & Pa. Telephone & Telegraph Co.	116 64	
To cash from Union Telephone Co.	65 75	3969 88
Cr.		
By paid police duty	900 00	
By paid St. Com'r labor and material for streets	1020 75	
By paid for lumber	857 76	
By paid repairs on police station	152 08	
By paid printing	37 70	
By paid Smethport Water Co water tax and repairing hydrants	320 00	
By paid Smethport Water Co hydrants	170 10	
By paid for hardware	91 15	
By paid drayage and hauling hose cart	32 00	
By paid health officer	80 00	
By paid physician, medicines and feeding prisoners	86 15	
By paid secretary and stationery	117 53	
By paid auditors	20 00	
By paid attorney	73 31	
By paid street lights and repair	204 50	
By paid road machine note and interest	112 55	
By paid Surveyor Lyon Bank St. sewer	55 70	
By paid insurance	80 00	
By paid Bank St. sewer (street manholes)	60 78	
By paid 2% commission on above disbursements	78 80	4018 05
Due Treasurer Lemmler boro account		28 80

CHAS. LEMMLER, Treasurer, in account with Boro Bond Fund.

Dr.		
To balance as per last audit	870 02	
To cash from Coll. Gleason 1904 duplicate	65 99	
To cash from Coll. Gleason 1905 duplicate	1139 80	
To cash from County Treas. taxes	60	1596 20
Cr.		
By paid boro bonds 39, 41, 42 and 54	1000 00	
By paid interest on outstanding bonds	261 50	
By 2% commission on above disbursements	25 29	
By bal. due boro bond fund in hands of Treas.	309 41	1596 20

LIABILITIES.

Bonds outstanding 43 to 48 & 53 to 61 inclusive	4000 00	
Bal. due Coll. R. C. G. and Treas. Chas. L.	40 86	4040 86

RESOURCES.

Balance 1905 duplicate	601 85	
Balance in hands of Treas. Boro Bond Fund	306 41	
Balance sewer assessments old matter	222 17	1130 43
Liabilities in excess of Resources	2760 18	

CHAS. LEMMLER, Treasurer, in account with Bank St. Sewer Fund.

Dr.		
To cash Bank St. Sewer Assessments	168 56	
To cash from borough fund	60 76	229 32
Cr.		
By order paid to apply on McCarty contract	225 00	
By 2% commission on real amt. disbursed from fund	3 28	
By balance in hands of Treasurer	1 04	229 32

And now, March 31, 1906, having examined the accounts of R. C. Gleason, Collector, and Chas. Lemmler, Treasurer, we find and report the balances as above stated.

A. H. KIDDER,
H. E. YULL,
J. A. SWANSON,
Auditors.

Financial Condition of the Borough of Smethport.

MATURITY OF BONDS.

Sept. 1, 1906	$400 00
Dec. 1, 1906	150 00
Sept. 1, 1907	400 00
Dec. 1, 1907	350 00
Sept. 1, 1908	400 00
Oct. 1, 1908	400 00
Oct. 1, 1909	800 00
Oct. 1, 1910	800 00
Oct. 1, 1911	800 00
Oct. 1, 1912	200 00
	4900 00

Assessed Boro Valuation $250,562.00

MISS LENA B. HYDE,
Sec'y. of Borough.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS	$80,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities; both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits. Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

Professional Cards.

Gordon & Richmond

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.

Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Holton,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

S. L. Keenan,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.

Hamlin & Forrest

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. E. Mayo,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellow Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. E. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Smethport, - - - Penn'a.

All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. E. Sherman,

PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 1, 1900. Office No. 157 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physician.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.

—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—

Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Grinard, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.

Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. E. Bebingerhoff.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, at Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M.D. C. M.

Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,

DENTIST.

Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfactorily guaranteed.

Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable

WRIGHT HOUSE,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.

F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.

This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

T. H. PURTLE, Prop.

125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,

CLERMONT PENNA.

This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

J. ODESSER

ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the Citizens of Smethport and surrounding country:

I wish to announce to you that I am prepared to receive your RAGS, RUBBERS, OLD COPPER, and in fact whatever you may have in the junk line.

Highest prices will be paid for all goods that you may have. I have engaged the services of Mr. Studley who will call on you and take what you have. Trusting you will give me your patronage as I am a citizen of Smethport I remain.

J. ODESSER
EAST SMETHPORT PA.